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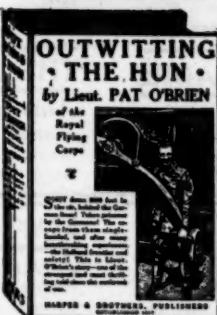
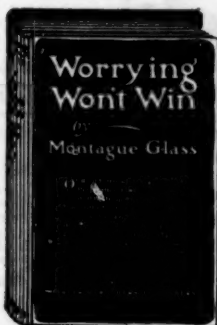
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THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Criticism and Discussion of Literature and The Arts

Announcement

THE DIAL announces that on July 1 its publication offices will be moved to New York and that on October 3, 1918 it will begin weekly publication.

This step is taken in order to consider more comprehensively the shifting forces which are now making for a new social order. Contemporary ideas change and crystallize more rapidly today than at any previous period in history. Even literary criticism, if it attempts to reflect the intellectual temper of the day, must be more alert. No journal can now retain any reality or vigor which does not react to the tendencies characteristic of our age.

THE DIAL is not content to present to its readers discussions of these significant forces merely through the medium of book reviews. For this reason it has determined to extend the editorial policy to include, in addition to the present literary features, discussion of internationalism and a programme of reconstruction in industry and education.

This new editorial policy will in no sense be a break with THE DIAL's tradition. Rather it will be the logical development of that tradition to meet the changing conditions which are making not only for a new social order but for a new epoch in literature and the arts. To these new problems THE DIAL will bring that liberal spirit of intellectual curiosity and constructive criticism which has distinguished its literary policy in the past.

The present features—the book review service and the general articles on literature, art, music, and the theatre—will be continued and extended. The important current publications will be reviewed promptly in order that the complex pattern of intellectual progress may be contemporaneously reported.

THE DIAL will be interested in principles and fundamental readjustments rather than in evanescent political issues. It will

not use the excuse of tolerance or of flabby intellectual good will to evade the task of formulating definite opinions. But it will not cling stubbornly to any conclusion before the discipline of new facts. With a sympathetic attitude toward the novelties of the present and the proposals for the future, THE DIAL will not forget the experience and illuminations which history provides. Committed to no dogma or preconception, THE DIAL will strive to be hard-hitting, straight-thinking, and authoritative.

The editorial coöperation of those recognized as the most effective thinkers in their particular fields has been secured. The Editors will be: John Dewey, Thorstein Veblen, Helen Marot, and George Donlin. The Associate Editors will be: Harold Stearns, Clarence Britten, Randolph Bourne, and Scofield Thayer.

John Dewey is known in America for his creative contributions to the problems of education. Abroad he is accepted as America's senior thinker and philosopher since the death of William James. Mr. Dewey will write for THE DIAL on educational subjects.

Thorstein Veblen, who will contribute articles dealing with economic and industrial reconstruction, is perhaps best known through his volume "An Inquiry into the Nature of Peace." Mr. Veblen combines with an accurate knowledge of facts a ruthless power of analysis and a brilliant irony which makes his style an intellectual adventure.

Helen Marot, who for many years has been associated with American labor organizations, brings to the problems of readjustment both imagination and practical understanding. She has published one book, entitled "American Labor Unions."

THE DIAL's present editor, George Donlin, will act in the capacity of Editor-in-Chief.

Pilgrim Sons of 1920

The United States contains a people which has been recruited in the main from Europe. Today some millions of Americans, most of whom have never seen Europe, are returning thither to fight for the cause of the Allies. Many will lay down their lives. A few may find new homes in the Old World. But most will come back again, bringing with them thousands of comrades who, having been informed about America, will wish to settle here. I am told that of the Australian troops forty thousand have chosen British wives, many of whom have sailed for the Commonwealth in advance of their husbands. American soldiers also may marry European girls, who will set forth across the Atlantic to build up homes. Most of these girls are likely to be British, but in any event each state and each city in the Union will have in its midst a new type of citizen, young, with many years of activity ahead, and with special memories—a special experience for mental background.

We have seen how the texture of American life has been woven of racial elements from Ireland, Poland, Germany, and other lands. The retired soldier will tell his story to his children and his grandchildren. No later research by scholars will materially alter his first-hand impression. He is today serving on a jury, taking evidence on the spot, examining witnesses, and drawing up the verdict. The future opinion of America rests not with editors, special correspondents, and lecturers but with "the boys" who have seen things for themselves. Their views will determine national policy and their hopes will inspire national ideals. They are crossing the ocean and leaving a bridge behind them. Americans cannot appreciate in advance what a difference will be made by "the boys" when they get talking here among their friends, after the war.

At the moment, this vast human force is directed against a foreign foe. Whether in camp or in trench, the American soldier has disappeared from civil life and we do

not know what opinion he is forming. In Europe, the talk of soldiers is already beginning to tell. Russia has found that out, and so has Italy. The United States will discover that the pilgrim sons of 1920 will make as much history as the pilgrim fathers of three hundred years earlier. We expect in Britain that whatever is academic or unreal in our political machine will be swept away. Liberalism will embrace Labor, the Socialists, Free Trade, the International Ideal. Conservatism will be a sincere and vigorous reaction, not on the old Tory lines but rather along the principle set up by Sir Robert Borden in Canada. In the United States also the Republican and Democratic parties must become instruments of definite popular impulses and aims, or vanish in the furnace.

An editor in this country receives newspapers from Europe. He is startled by their contents and often takes refuge in a cautious silence. He does not quite like the evidences of war-weariness which greet his eye. He is worried by the growth of Socialism in Italy and France and Britain. I am not criticizing his reticence. Possibly he is a wise guide. War is surgery which requires an anæsthetic. But when the American soldier is billeted somewhere in England or France he does not close his eyes or stop up his ears. He is doubtless most interested in the very paragraphs which American editors are most reluctant to emphasize. He will come back to tell his neighbors that in Britain the state runs railroads, tramways, gas, water, telephones, telegraphs, savings banks, shipping, tubes, and even food supply and coal mines. He will add that in every European country, including Germany, Austria, and Hungary, trade-unionists sit in the legislature. He will describe great schemes of national housing. He will describe how in no European country are rich men debarred from politics or poor men looked at askance if they enter politics. He will discover wage earners in the British Parliament who spend years in public life without amassing

one penny for themselves. It may be that, stirred by these object lessons, he will himself seize on the American citizenship which he has defended and will make of politics something nobler than has yet been imagined, whether in Europe or America. Witnessing, as they will, parliaments in London and in Paris where ministers are constitutionally responsible to the legislature, it may easily happen that the pilgrims of 1920 will open interesting discussion about Congress, its powers, responsibilities, opportunities. There is not an institution in your land that will escape a searching comparison.

Hitherto American statesmanship has preserved a dignified isolation from foreign responsibilities. In the future the manhood of America will hold a constructive opinion on world progress. Other countries, even Britain, will be entities for which American blood and treasure will have been poured out—in which American funds are heavily invested. To know those countries intimately will be a simple matter to men who have spent months, possibly years, in them. The knowledge which one country has of another is always likely to be out of date and it is the duty of responsible writers to bring the impressions of the past into accurate conformity with the facts of the present. These American soldiers will have seen the last of the old British Empire. London is no longer, and will never again become, the money market of the world. She is borrowing from New York. Britain is no longer the chief carrier of the world. While her ships sink, America builds. Nor is Britain the keystone of the alliance against Germany. That influence also has passed to Washington. And all this means that in the diplomatic reconstruction of the peoples of the earth America will be heavily involved. She must sit at the peace table; she must act as arbitrator and mediator, not only between allies and enemies but between ally and ally. The time is probably far distant, if not in years at least in agony and supreme effort, before this situation can arise. But I am here writing for responsible Americans, who have the duty of thinking things out in advance. The

most dangerous unpreparedness is not of munitions but of mind.

Britain has led; she is now obviously following. It may be because her statesmanship in Russia and Austria-Hungary lacked imagination. It may be because neither Mr. Asquith nor Mr. Lloyd George discovered a counterpart to Mr. House. Or it may be sheer public spirit which cares nothing if others get the credit provided that the thing required is done. But the fact remains that no President has ever wielded such influence within Great Britain as Mr. Wilson, and a problem which must be faced is in two words—the British Empire. I will be quite frank about it—I am proud of that Empire. To keep four hundred millions of people from murdering one another is a notable achievement. And it is not done by compulsion. But does anybody suppose that the British Empire will be unchanged by the war? He lives in a fool's paradise. The British Empire must be restated in international terms. It must be woven into the League of Nations. Its sanction must be not Britain alone but mankind. And America will help in the quiet transformation. At least, one hopes so.

People still talk as if this or that colony "belonged" to Great Britain—as if territory were "a possession." How much land in India is owned by or pays rent to any white British subject? British rule is, in the main, and always ought to be merely a form of social service. The multitude of officials who go forth from public schools and universities and "govern" native races return when they are fifty as poor in pocket as when they set out, except for a pension which in America would be called nominal. I am not claiming any infallibility for these men. Usually their mental bent is conservative. Often they are proud, reserved, and even prejudiced against ideals and theories. But their life work is, in the main, to help the weak, to maintain order, to combat famine and disease, to build railroads and highways, to cut away corruption among tax-gatherers and blackmail among police. The self-governing dominions are masters of their own fiscal arrangements, and in such matters they are independent of

all Imperial control. But India and the Crown Colonies, which are ruled under specific instructions from London, are as open to international as they are to British trade. Our view has been that, by seeking no commercial privileges, we shall get our share of commerce without encountering jealousy from other powers which do not exercise so wide a sovereignty as our own happens to be. It has been at Germany's hands alone that we have received bitter enmity, not because we excluded German enterprise—on the contrary, it was prospering in many parts of our Empire—but because Germany wished to substitute for our conception of service her conception of dominion.

President Wilson's messages have committed America forever to a world-wide foreign policy. As he expresses it, he stands by Russia as well as by France. No words are fuller of meaning than those. They signify that American influence in Russia and the Near East will be, not perhaps the same thing, but none the less as real a thing as British influence in India. Britain has labored under the badge of sovereignty. The watchword for America may be, let us say, brotherhood, coöperation, a partnership in responsibility with other well disposed powers. She will work in harmony with Japan, France, Britain, and with the Russians themselves. But if this should be her destiny, then there is nothing in substance to differentiate her aims and motives and methods from those which animated the founders of modern Uganda or the reformers of modern Egypt.

To many Americans such a field for activity offers serious pitfalls. "We are not ready" is what they say. They know that there is a seamy side to relations between the white man and the colored or Asiatic races. They are not reassured by the language of altruism. To all of such unconvinced and skeptical persons I would submit that somebody will have to accept responsibility for Jerusalem, and Bagdad, and Africa, and German islands in the South Seas. This war was fought not for the expansion of the British Empire but for the safety of democracy, and Britain cannot assume, unaided, the whole "white

man's burden." The financial resources at her disposal will be insufficient. There must be guarantors of her good faith and partakers of her obligations.

In due course events, including the return of American troops and especially of men trained previously in universities, will force these considerations on the notice of the people. I suggest that the press should lead the way. Editors are doubtless confused by the bewildering complexity of a world in chaos. Headlines cause headache. There is now a supreme opportunity for the detached, well informed, impartial leader-writer. He should be free from all idea of making a case. Clear, continuous, interpretative treatment of foreign news should be assured for every American citizen who pays his two cents for the journal of his district. Today the craft of writer is war work of the highest importance. It may make the difference between American idealism in the world and something very much lower.

And is American thought so ill equipped as some Americans seem to believe for contributing to the solution of international difficulties? I am by no means convinced of this. Great Britain has experience—that is true. But America has a fresh outlook and a detachment from entangling traditions. In every case, almost, she has approached native races as a missionary and not as a trader or a soldier or as a magistrate. Her weapon has been persuasion and reason, not power and secular authority. Her achievement has been limited, doubtless, in actual bulk—missionaries are few and, according to political standards, they are weak. But in concentrating as they have done on medicine and on education the missionaries have seen further, I think, than the statesmen. It will be the statesman who will gradually absorb into his policy the missionary's foolishness, not the missionary who will need to absorb the statesman's wisdom. Many Americans and American organizations have therefore studied the world from the right angle—as a place where all men and women should enjoy a certain divine status and receive the

acknowledgment thereof from kings and governors. To combine the ideals of America with the experience and sagacity of Europe is the great and urgent duty, I suggest, of American and European journalists. We need to work together, realizing that the matters on which we discourse are no longer, if they ever were, merely academic or sensational. For millions they involve the issues of life and death. I have said something of the mind of the soldier. The messages of

President Wilson have a military value just because they affect the minds of soldiers. They put a case for which brave and enlightened men are prepared to die. Mere detestation of the enemy is not enough. In a long war like this you must add a principle of hope, a larger loyalty, embracing the true interests of all mankind, if an international army, with an international navy, fighting an international battle, for an international cause, is to prevail.

P. W. WILSON.

Letters to Unknown Women

HELEN

To Helen the Queen:

Had I lived in your own time it is most probable that I should never have spoken to you. I might have seen you or have been killed before your indifferent eyes when all Hellas contended for possession of you. But now you are dead and your lovers also are dead, your name, your reputation, your beauty are at the service of any slave or descendent of Thersites who chooses to make you the subject of his desecrations. In this way, O Queen, posterity is revenged upon all who were eminent for beauty, talent, or courage in the past. Lucian has shown us your skull bleaching in Hades, but could you know all that has been said of you by poets of many tongues and races you would consider Lucian the least insulting of those who are unable to respect the dead. Thus a poet of my own country, some four hundred years ago, dared to place upon the stage a scene in which you revisited the world as the mistress of a conjurer. Had you remained loyally with Menelaus your fame would never have been thus questionably published. It is not for me to censure a great lady and a queen, but you must consider the ignorance of a barbarian and a slave, and pardon my indelicacy.

I pose a question. Did you exist? In the flesh, I mean, and tangibly—a woman mortal and attractive who began this tradition of adultery which has had so many terrifying consequences for the world? Or rather, O gold-sandaled one, are you a dream of the poet, a lovely symbol of an

unrealizable desire, a type chosen to represent the eternal Atë's apple that is woman, the source of the contention of men—a (forgive me) sexual abstraction? Assuming that you did exist, you would, if you were still sentient, consider this question absurd and irrelevant. But I am one of a diseased generation. We do not live as you lived, in yourself, for yourself, and by yourself, but vicariously, through arts and literature—diseases that were unknown to you. And your story is part of our lives. Therefore it concerns us to know whether you were a woman or a symbol.

You are altogether elusive—that tale of your preserving wifely fidelity ten long years in Egypt, while your lover embraced a cloud, needs a faith which our skepticism cannot muster. Moreover we know too much to regard you altogether with awe and reverence—you have a pathological interest for us. We debate about you; our more emotional writers consider that your mere name gives their verse an incomparable embellishment. Others feel that your case is over-rated, too emphatically stressed. But in any event you elude us.

I am not familiar with the queens of my day—those I have seen, at a respectful distance, were neither young nor lovely. No man would be so foolish as to run away with them, and it must need the force of great reasons of state to compel the kings, their husbands, to act the part of lovers. Thus, taking into account all

that the poets who lived nearest to you have recorded, we cannot believe that you resembled the ordinary queen of our present life. You were, it appears, beautiful.

Well, you were beautiful. But how? Sometimes we think of you as the dream created by the Greeks, of that material loveliness which moved them far more than it ever can us sluggish barbarians. Were you that beauty, that unattainable beauty who forever flees the Menelaus of reality to live with the Paris of romance? Were you that tenuous loveliness, that flowerlike fragility, that misty instability? If so, yours is a great destiny—to represent the yearning of all Hellas, to be the immortal projection of that yearning!

But there is Clytemnestra, your sister. Was adultery a strain in your heredity?

Grant that you were, that you existed. You still elude us. Were you a sort of Madame Bovary fretted by the inanity of life in a provincial sort of court, surrounded by frigid soldiers and unintelligent lawyers who would have died rather than salute your cheek unchastely? An Hellenic Madame Bovary, who threw herself into the arms of the first charming young man who cared to solicit her favors? This at least would explain the tenacity of your husband, who was not content to leave your punishment to swift disillusionment, but who prolonged your guilty honeymoon for ten years by his incredible obstinacy. You were indeed fortunate both in your husband and in your lover.

But that is only half the story. Sometimes we picture you a sort of Gudrun, a brutal kind of sensual woman imposing your passion upon an unsophisticated boy, taking pleasure in tearing him from his country sweetheart, forcing yourself upon his family and delighted in a gross way by the slaughter and suffering you caused. It is indeed but the justice of the world as we know it that you should escape from the consequences of your adultery, while Andromache, the faultless wife, Hecuba, the venerable mother, and Cassandra, the virgin, all suffer horror upon horror through you. The cynicism of this pleases our somewhat frigid skepticism, though here again we begin to suspect that you are a symbol. Menelaus is too stupid a

man to be so easily moved by his æsthetic mood—you are too much like the dream of Hellas at the moment when you are forgiven. Still, nothing can spoil our enjoyment of this savory injustice.

Yet again you elude us and we fumble with the concept of Fate. Are you a marionette in the great game, a puppet of Fate using Aphrodite to jerk the string that moves you? The golden apple—was it not Fate that sent Herakles to pluck it? Are you the motive that dislodges upon Hellas its pre-ordained confusion? Can we really believe that ten thousand ships would furrow the Ægean because your face was beautiful? Must we not rather believe that Fate sent some strange madness into men's hearts, so that they murdered each other, in appearance for you, in reality for some inscrutable Fate? Are you that error in the lives of just men which brings them to destruction, to terror, to death? Are you that smiling poison, that disastrous loveliness? We cannot tell. But, O Queen, O deathless, smiling, golden one, this we can tell, that the memory of your beauty—whether real or feigned—still afflicts our hearts, and for your sake, because of you, we are sick and desolate with a wild yearning that nothing can appease, not the cold wind of our hills, not the drab insipidity of our cities, not the confusion of our disordered thought. Queen, it is said that reverence is gone from the world; certainly, if you returned to the earth you would not know it as the place where you walked with gold-braided hair upon white turrets to watch the chivalry of Troy and Hellas battle for your sake. But at least this same old yearning for inexplicable loveliness remains, and you would find a few who would bring you flowers to remind you of the smooth lawns below Ida.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Gardens

Far green stretches where the summer plays
On golden English holidays,
A scarlet streak on some Italian hill—
And these pale struggling greens upon my window-sill!

ANNETTE WYNNE.

*An Imperturbable Artist**

Though it give aid and comfort to the enemy, I must confess that my heart still goes out in gratitude to one Bernard Tauchnitz of Leipzig, from whose paper edition I first came to know Leonard Merrick. "While Paris Laughed" is a new volume of his stories, soon to be published, which carry one back indeed to the days when those jolly knaves of Montmartre—Tricotrin the dramatist, Pitou the composer, and Lajeunie the novelist—first played their pranks for us, they the tragic and the impoverished, breakfasting on brave hopes and warming their hands before the "sacred fire," inheritors of the imperishable vagabond spirit that defies the boundaries. Into these new tales Leonard Merrick the story-teller has put some of his best effort.

To define the fascination which is the chief and most enduring attraction of Leonard Merrick the novelist, is a difficult matter. His talent in this field is at once more profound, more delicate, and less apparent to the average reader who knows him for the most part through his short stories alone. Mr. Howells, who was one of his earliest critics in this country, was first impressed by the "singular shapeliness" and the form of his novels. His feeling for proportion and emphasis in writing is to be compared with the same qualities in a good architect or in a painter. He leads the mind to grasp what is essential, for his form is an intrinsic part of the emotion he wishes to convey. Divorce his style from his subject and you have mere scaffolding—or to change the metaphor, mere uncoördinated oils and colors. Is it this "singular shapeliness" that constitutes his charm? Not wholly, I think. Briefly, it consists for me in the intimate treatment of his subject matter, combined with his emotional reserve, and in the evident, sincere, and deep-rooted enchantment which his own work holds for him. Though he writes of poverty and cheapness he does not grovel, and though the emotion of his story would tempt an ordinary writer to exhaust it by abandonment he has intensified it by his restraint.

Probably it is this reserve, so unaccustomed to it are we modern readers, that has prevented the immediate popularity of his work. Frequently an author needs but to mention the stage to obtain a flock of readers; but Mr. Merrick's books—filled with actors, actresses, authors, and managers—have attracted only a small circle. To be sure, he depicts almost without exception the struggles of these people, not their successes, and rather holds up to ridicule the adulation of the public. The romance of the "romantic couple" *Blanche and Royce Oliphant* of "The Actor-Manager" existed chiefly in the imaginations of the public who saw them behind the footlights and not behind the breakfast dishes; and if the public could have had a private view of *Peggy Harper*, the marionette made into the semblance of an actress by months of managerial coaching, its enthusiasm might have been tempered by something approaching disgust.

Mr. Merrick applies a realism to its darlings of which the public can hardly be expected to approve. Times have changed since he began to write, and the public is interested as it has never been before in the private lives of the writers and the actors who provide its amusement; but the interest is purely personal and Mr. Merrick's dictum still holds true: "To choose an author as the protagonist of an English play—or of an English novel—is to handicap the thing from the word 'go.'" That he sees this fact so clearly, that he can treat it with humor and without bitterness, that he does in fact make copy out of his own misfortune and continue to let it make not a jot of difference in his choice of a subject, is in itself a warrant of his abiding sense of humor and his artistic imperturbability.

Sainte-Beuve considered it necessary for the proper comprehension of an author to

* E. P. Dutton & Co., Mr. Merrick's publishers in this country, have announced a uniform edition of his books with introductions by English writers. "Conrad in Quest of his Youth," with an introduction by Sir James Barrie, will be published early this summer. It will be followed by "The Position of Peggy Harper," with an introduction by Sir Arthur Pinero; "The Man Who Understood Women," with an introduction by W. J. Locke; and "When Love Flies out o' the Window," with an introduction by Sir William Robertson Nicoll.

frame the man's work in his life: *Tel arbre, tel fruit*. This is more than usually true of Merrick. In "The Worldlings" we read of his heartbreaking years in the South African diamond fields; in "The Actor-Manager," of the lonely years in London when he was struggling for theatrical and literary recognition, and when he met, one may imagine, with something resembling Logan Ross's reply to Tatham in "Peggy Harper":

"We don't want human beings, my boy, we want parts. The audience don't want to hear *why* he wasn't drowned. Show him, my boy; it doesn't matter how he was saved, bring him on: 'That I am here to prove!' Terrific round of applause. See what I mean? You lose your grip if you explain things."

A clerk with whom he took lodgings during those days of struggle and disappointment, and who is now well known in the New York business world, wrote to his friend on the publication of "Peggy Harper": "How I remember some of those lodgings you describe in your new book." Let us take a look at them, and incidentally review a very fine scene. It is in "Cynthia." On the eve of Kent's marriage Kent and Turquand, who have shared lodgings, share also a melancholy farewell dinner at the Suisse and return early to their rooms:

There was a pause, while the pair smoked slowly, each busy with his thoughts, and considering if anything of what he felt could be said without its sounding sentimental. Both were remembering that they would never be sitting at home together in the room again, and though it had many faults, it assumed to the one who was leaving it a "tender grace" now. He had written his novel at that table; his first review had come to him here. Associations crept out and trailed across the floor; he felt that this room must always contain an integral portion of his life. And Turquand would miss him.

"Be dull for you to-morrow evening, rather, I'm afraid, won't it?" he said in a burst.

"Oh, I was alone while you were in Dieppe, you know. I shall jog along all right. . . You've bought a desk for yourself, haven't you?"

"Yes. Swagger, eh?"

"You won't 'know where yer are.' . . What's that—do you feel a draught?"

"No—I—well, perhaps there *is* a draught now you mention it. Yes, I shall work in style when we come back. Strange feeling, going to be married, Turk."

"Is it?" said Turquand. "Haven't had the experience. Hope Mrs. Kent will like me—they

never do in fiction. . . You might tell her I'm not a bad sort of a damned fool, will you? And—er—I want to say, don't have the funks about asking me to your house once in a way, old chap, when I shan't be a nuisance; take my oath I'll never shock your wife, Humphrey—too fond of you. . . Be as careful as—as you can, I give you my word."

His teeth closed round his pipe tightly. Neither man looked at the other; Humphrey put out his hand without speaking, and Turquand gripped it. There was a silence again. Both stared at the dead ashes. The clock of St. Giles-in-the-Fields tolled twelve, and neither commented on it, though they simultaneously reflected that it was now the marriage morning.

"Strikes me we were nearly making bally asses of ourselves," said Turquand at last in a shaky voice. "Finish your whisky and let's to bed."

It is in scenes like this that Mr. Merrick shows his greatest power. In everything he writes he grasps the essential spirit of human relationships; and though one may laugh at his humor, and delight in his turns of speech, or suffer acutely with his people when they strike hard times, still it is the picture like this that remains in one's mind after the plot and the humor and the words are lost. The spirit of his relationships remains—and the people who made them. His characterization is like his style—exact, and at the same time infinitely suggestive. How well we know Blanche Ellerton in her various moods, from the time that she lies awake after the candle is put out repenting of her engagement seven hours after its consummation, to that other moment when, after tempting Fairbairn to wrong his friend, her husband, "the woman whom he had yet to understand lay back upon the sofa with her eyes closed—thinking too." Blanche Ellerton, under the author's hand, becomes a person infinitely more real to us than many of our so-called friends. We see her at the table, red-eyed, her face bathed in tears and eau-de-cologne, composing her advertisement of "her little angel in Heaven," while Oliphant sits in the next room, stunned beside his boy's cot. We see her attending lawn parties where fashion was "being charitable in elaborate toilettes," and posing with her husband, to whom in private it was hardly worth while to speak. And there are twenty others in his novels all as carefully drawn, as clearly conceived.

Mr. Merrick's "heroes" are so real that one does not even notice their reality. He never describes them directly and rarely speaks of them through his other characters; for the time being they are Merrick, and Merrick they. One should use the singular however; there is but one, profoundly studied, represented in all the boundless wealth of possibility offered by the conception of an absorbing personality. This hero is like Mr. Merrick, as we have seen, in many superficial ways. But what of the real Merrick? His impersonality is extraordinary. It is as if he said: "The greatest compliment you can pay me is to be so enthralled by my stories that the writer of them does not interest you—not even exist to you as a separate entity." It is the reserve of a man whose life is so completely in his work that other self-expression and all self-assertion are unnecessary.

But what is his real philosophy of writing? What are the literary ideals that underlie these delicately constructed stories of struggle and disappointment or fulfillment, of tragedy and humor? "My business is to present," he remarks, "not to defend. Were tales tellable only when the hero fulfilled both definitions of the word, reviewers would have less to do." To this business of his he keeps very closely. He does defend, but it is through creating sympathy for the object of his own sympathy, never by objective protagonism. But on the other hand, he speaks of "life, which has no construction and no moral," and the first impulse of the critic is to pounce upon an inconsistency. For Mr. Merrick does construct and he does imply a moral, although he does not point it. Yet life and art in his mind are as distinct as mirror and portrait in the conception of a painter. His realism is the product of his imagination, which transforms life in the construction of art. Much the same interpretation is to be found in his own words; and it is impossible not to believe that Oliphant's ambition of the "dream theatre" embodies Merrick's own hope for literature:

The men and women live! They are not puppets pulled by inexorable strings through four acts to a conventional end. Reward for virtue and

punishment for vice are shown to exist in the soul, and not in material success and failure. To depict the world as a school, where virtue wins the prize and vice gets a flogging, is immoral. The dramatist who comes to me is free: free to be true to his convictions and his art . . . and the love within him for all humanity would point the moral when it needed pointing. . . The one command laid upon him is to see things nobly—that his deeper vision shall help the crowd.

If Wilde's dictum remain true, that "in a novel we want life, not learning," then Leonard Merrick is indeed a novelist. That he contemplates life through the comparatively small opening of the stage does not prevent him from obtaining fundamental breadth of vision. His surface action may lack variety, his essential motivation never. His people, though confined to a narrow sphere, exhibit the emotions of human beings, not of actors, actresses, and managers only as such. In modern novels the tendency is to plaster modern ideas onto life, and the ideas have a way of interesting the authors more than the life interests them. The result of attempting to tell a story with living characters, to make them utter consistent propaganda, and to make the story represent an Idea with a capital *I* is likely to be a rather hazy, incomplete, and discordant patchwork. Mr. Merrick does not attempt this alluring task; but he does gain and give a sense of completeness which many more famous than he are lacking in. Primarily he is a writer, not a philosopher. This qualification may have kept him from a place among the greatest writers, but at least his perfection in the work he aspires to do lifts him far above the ranks of the spurious philosophers in literature.

To have lived his life, to have faced his struggles—still more difficult, to have faced the lack of appreciation of that public for whom he wrote; and yet to have kept the delicate edge of his irony unblunted by bitterness, and his humorous optimism unspoiled, indicates an independent devotion to his art that is indeed rare.

"'I mean to be true!' cried Humphrey Kent. 'I won't sell my birthright for a third edition.' . . The man was an artist, and he could not help the care he took."

RUTH MCINTIRE.

Our Paris Letter

I have been reading again Matthew Arnold's essay on "The Literary Influence of Academies"; it has not converted me. I am still of the opinion that I expressed in *THE DIAL* four months ago—that academies are the bane of literature and art, and the enemies of individuality. Matthew Arnold thought that English literature would have gained, and the purity of the English language would have been better preserved, had there been in England an institution like the Académie Française. He says with truth that Richelieu intended the Academy to be "a high court of letters for France," a "sovereign organ of opinion," and he adds, "This is what it has, from time to time, really been; by being, or tending to be this, far more than even by what it has done for the language, it is of such importance in France." It is true that the Academy has at certain epochs since its foundation nearly three centuries ago exercised such an authority in matters of intellect and taste as Matthew Arnold indicates and desires. Sometimes that authority may have been well exercised, but it would be very difficult to prove that in the long run the Academy has benefited French literature. Certainly one may be thankful that it has had no such an authority for a long time past. For had the Academy been able to do so, it would have suppressed every new movement in French literature during the last fifty years.

Even if it be possible, as Matthew Arnold supposed, to discover a "law of good taste"—and for my part I doubt it—he forgot that such a law could only be relative and provisional. "Je comprends tout, mais il y a des choses qui me dégoûtent," says Félicie Nanteuil in "Histoire Comique." The tendency of an official academy is to try to stereotype taste and, by means of tradition, to impose the taste of one generation on all its successors. That is very evident in the case of art: the "tradition" which the Académie des Beaux Arts maintains and tries to impose in its school is merely the taste of the epoch of Louis-Philippe exalted into a doctrine.

The attempt to stereotype a language is as pernicious as that to stereotype taste. I contest Matthew Arnold's view that the Académie Française has rendered great services to the French language. It has fought against every new word and expression and admitted an innovation only when it could resist no longer. Only quite re-

cently have we been officially permitted to say "chic" or "épatant," which every inhabitant of France except a few pedants has said for years. The tendency of an academy is not to embellish the language but to impoverish it; in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when the Académie Française was at the height of its power and influence, the French language was impoverished to a deplorable extent in obedience to a "law of good taste." The loss is irreparable and it has ruined French poetry. Prose has overcome the disadvantage, although the paucity of words in the French language makes it one of the most difficult in the world to write well; but modern French is not a poetical language, thanks to the academic pedants of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, whereas the French of the fifteenth century was one. Even Voltaire, perhaps the greatest prose writer that the world has ever known, must share the blame. In literature and art, as in everything else, I am for liberty against authority; both have their disadvantages, but experience shows that those of liberty are the less.

The Académie Française seems to recognize that its authority as a "high court of letters" is impaired, for it shows a tendency to set itself up as an arbiter of civic and military virtue and an organ of patriotic manifestations. Just before the war it elected General Lyautey, and the only new Academician elected since the war began until the other day was Marshal Joffre. Whatever may be the military qualities of these two eminent generals, neither of them has the smallest qualification for membership of an institution whose objects are those set out in Richelieu's statutes. The other day the Academy met to fill the vacancies caused by the deaths of Henri Roujon, Jules Lemaitre, and Albert de Mun; there are still six vacancies, for ten Academicians had died since June, 1914 and only one election—that of Marshal Joffre—had been held since then. M. Anatole France, who has returned to the Academy since the war, after refusing for several years to attend its meetings, took part in the election; but his conversion—or reaction—which most of his friends profoundly regret, cannot obliterate the scathing irony with which the pretensions of the Academy are demolished in "Les Opinions de Jérôme Cogniard." Certain Academicians had proposed that Cardinal Luçon, Archbishop of Reims, should be elected as the successor of Count Albert de Mun as an homage

to the city which has suffered so terribly from the war. The cardinal however, who must have a sense of humor, solved the problem by refusing to be a candidate. In the "Temps" on April 29 M. Paul Souday, one of the few independent critics left in the Parisian press, congratulated Cardinal Luçon on his good sense. If Reims is to have a representative in the Academy, the natural person to choose, as M. Paul Souday remarked, would be the Mayor of the town, who has shown no less courage and devotion than the Archbishop. But M. Souday rightly maintained that it is not the business of the Academy to reward public services and that it was not founded to be "an organ of civic manifestations or a salon of notables of every description." This development however is a sign that the original functions of the Academy are becoming obsolete. Its recourse to those who are in the public eye is a desperate attempt to recover its lost prestige, and at the same time an admission that it is no longer able to fulfil its original purpose.

Long since the Académie Française became political, and the political opinions of candidates have much more influence on their chances than their literary qualities. It is a great disadvantage to be a Republican, even a moderate one; the Academy likes *bien-pensant* gentlemen, even if they write bad French. The two Academicians just elected both fulfil that condition: one of them, Mgr. Baudrillart, completely; the other, M. Barthou, relatively; and neither of them writes bad French. Mgr. Baudrillart is the Rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris and the author of many historical works; it seems for some reason to have been generally agreed that an ecclesiastic should be chosen to succeed M. de Mun and, as M. Souday said, Mgr. Baudrillart seems to be the only ecclesiastic with any pretensions to a chair in the Academy. M. Barthou, who succeeds M. Roujon, was Prime Minister in 1913 and was the author of the Three-Year Service Law; to the latter fact he owes his election, although he has literary tastes and is the author of works on Mirabeau and Lamartine. The chair occupied by Jules Lemaitre was not filled; in four ballots no candidate obtained the clear majority required by the statutes. The two serious candidates were M. Abel Hermant and M. Henri Bordeaux. M. Hermant is not a great writer, but he has produced some interesting and amusing novels showing considerable powers of observation and some psychological

gifts. M. Bordeaux is a prolific producer of sentimental trash—which since the war has become patriotic trash—and thirteen of the twenty-seven Academicians present thought him worthy to succeed Jules Lemaitre, who after all was somebody both as a writer and as a critic. The reason is that M. Bordeaux is *bien-pensant*—which has not always prevented him from being more or less pornographic—whereas M. Hermant has a shady past, politically speaking. Thus does the sovereign organ of opinion show its capacity to impose upon us a high standard in matters of intellect and taste. If Matthew Arnold were still living he might revise his essay.

Again I have to record that the unofficial Académie Goncourt gives no more support to Matthew Arnold's thesis than its ancient rival. On April 29 it again refused to admit Georges Courteline within its ranks; M. Henri Céard was elected to fill the place of the late Judith Gautier. M. Céard was, it is true, chosen by Edmond de Goncourt in 1881 to succeed Paul de Saint-Victor as a member of the Academy; but Goncourt changed his mind and nominated M. Rosny *ainé*. Three years later Edmond de Goncourt appointed M. Céard to be one of his executors (the other was Alphonse Daudet), but he again changed his mind and substituted M. Léon Hennique. Perhaps it was to console M. Céard for having replaced him that M. Rosny *ainé* and M. Hennique both voted for him the other day. They could hardly pretend that they honestly believe his gifts to be more remarkable than those of Georges Courteline, who would have been a member of the Académie Française long ago if that institution came anywhere near to realizing the intentions of its founders. M. Céard is the author of some novels and plays which have had as little success as they deserve and, having been an adept of the naturalist school and a disciple of the Goncourts and Zola, he has in recent years vilified Zola in reactionary newspapers. The Académie Française has narrowly escaped setting up M. Henri Bordeaux as one of the forty examples, with General Lyauté and Marshal Joffre, of the highest obtainable standard in matters of intellect and taste. The Académie Goncourt has asked us to regard "Terrains à vendre" as superior to "Boubouroche" and "Le Train de 8h.47." If these are the laws of good taste, let us all be anarchists.

At the Petit Palais an opportunity is given of comparing the results of officialism in art with its

effect on literature. A Salon is being held there, the first since the war; but it is unlike the usual Salon in that it is entirely composed of works by members of the two official societies. The absence of "outsiders" exposes the poverty of the societies more plainly than ever; never has it been more evident that the outsiders have saved previous Salons from utter banality. As might be expected, the rooms of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts are rather more interesting and alive than those of the Société des Artistes Français, which produce a depressing sensation of lifelessness. It is almost miraculous that in a country which has initiated all the great movements in modern painting it should be possible for so considerable a number of painters to have so completely escaped the influence of those movements as have these who claim the proud title of "Les Artistes Français." One would imagine, as one walks through the rooms, that even Impressionism, now made respectable by age, had never existed. And one has the sense of having seen all the pictures before: one *has* seen them all before at successive Salons any time these twenty years. Only the numerous portraits of Marshal Joffre and other generals and a few conventional battle pieces, which might represent any war at any epoch except the present, attest the influence of the war. The level of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts is higher and it includes more painters of real talent; but even its members too often repeat themselves almost mechanically, and some of them are much below their own standard. At present the influence of the war on art does not seem to be favorable. A charming distemper painting of a little girl, rapidly painted and purposely unfinished, by Albert Besnard, shows the great qualities of the artist whom Degas described as "un prix de Rome qui a mal tourne," from the point of view, that is to say, of his masters. Not often has Besnard come up to this in recent years. Four paintings and a pastel by Degas only serve to emphasize the banality of the rest of the exhibition; yet none of them is a particularly fine or characteristic example. An exhibition of contemporary French art is just opening at Madrid. Its organization has been entrusted to the Académie des Beaux Arts; thus does the state understand artistic propaganda abroad. It is more than probable that none of the movements that have made contemporary French art what it is will be represented in the exhibition.

The terrible anxiety of a month ago is somewhat relieved; for although the danger is not yet over, the fact that after six weeks the Germans have not attained one of their objects greatly increases the possibility that they will never attain them. In an offensive, time is on the side of the defenders. In spite of such mishaps as the loss of Mont Kemmel, we are justified in believing it to be probable that the attack will be definitely checked. But the military situation is still grave. The offensive has naturally silenced political controversy to a great extent, but the Socialist party has been violently attacked for deciding to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Karl Marx. So much so that, by a small majority, the Executive of the party went back on its previous decision to hold a great demonstration for the whole of Paris, and there will be only smaller meetings in the various districts. The party has however issued a manifesto on the occasion, the work of M. Bracke and M. Jean Longuet (a grandson of Karl Mark), in which the importance of the life and work of the founder of modern Socialism is set forth. Some of the leaders against the Socialist party show a strange ignorance of Marx's character and doctrines. Unfortunately a knowledge of economic questions is not very common in France and there is a certain insularity which leads to ignorance about everything outside France itself. But a paper of the reputation of the "Journal des Débats" ought not to say that the theories of the greatest economist of the nineteenth century have no merit but their obscurity; and it is hardly worthy of the "Temps" to declare that Marx was a bitter enemy of France, seeing that he protested against the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine as "a crime which revives the policy of conquest in the second half of the nineteenth century" and wrote on January 16, 1871 that France was fighting "not only for her national independence, but for the liberty of Germany and of the world." Marx has even been represented as an apologist of German militarism and an apostle of the bureaucratic state, although he declared the abolition of the state as now understood to be the object of Socialism. The remarkable little book by M. Emile Vandervelde, "Le Socialisme contre l'Etat," which I noticed last month, refutes such errors as these, and certain journalists might read it with profit.

ROBERT DELL.

Paris, May 6, 1918.

Conscious Control of the Body

MAN'S SUPREME INHERITANCE: Conscious Guidance and Control in Relation to Human Evolution in Civilization. By F. Matthias Alexander. With an introduction by Professor John Dewey. Dutton; \$2.

Nature and civilization are names. Nature stands for the conditions of human life that we find; civilization, for the conditions of human life that we make. In neither are we particularly prosperous or particularly at ease. For civilization is the adventure of a race seeking to escape from nature, and nature is the goal of a race seeking freedom from the oppressions of civilization. "Back to nature" is the universal device, employed even by Germans—and no people is more worshipful of its own Kultur-toxins. There exists a widespread and distinguished gospel of life summed up in this maxim; and its apostles vary from the pulpiteer Wagner, famous for his promulgation of "The Simple Life," through the pietist Tolstoy, famous for his practice of it, to the prophet Edward Carpenter, famous for his definition of its righteousness. The title of Mr. Carpenter's definition is, indeed, final in the condemnation of the man-made world—"Civilization, Its Cause and Cure."

To the fellowship of Wagner, Tolstoy, and Carpenter may be added F. Matthias Alexander. To the diversities of preacher, pietist, and prophet may be added that of scientist. But where his predecessors see the cure for civilization in an abandonment of it, Mr. Alexander sees the cure in a growing control of the human organism at work in it.

In many ways Mr. Alexander's theory and practice bear a striking resemblance to Freud's. It may be said, in fact, that Mr. Alexander treats the body as Freud does the mind. The work of the two men seems to me to be supplementary, and I am not sure that Alexander's is not more fundamental.

The observations on which he bases his work are, briefly, these: The human body is an organism having an inconceivably ancient inheritance of adaptations to conditions of life to be found only in nature. The instinctive responses of the body—its postures, attitudes, adjustments; how it walks, sits, runs, attends, moves its trunk and arms, and so on—are responses coördinate with conditions to be found only in a very primitive world, in which unreflective bodily activity is at maximum and thought at minimum. The growth of the body did not keep pace with the

complications of the nervous system. The complication of the nervous system meant the coming thought and the emergence of a new and human world, the world of civilization. But the physical organs with which we utter and obey thought are the old animal organs of the expression of instinct and impulse and appetite. These organs do not fit well into a world of books, desks, skyscrapers, machines, and drinks. The physical organs with which we utter and obey thought are mostly not arranged to respond to the evocations of posturings, manners, and movements which are the signs of social consciousness and response. The soldier's, machinist's, farmer's, desk-worker's, and gentlewoman's postures and movements are distortions and crippling of their bodies. There is hardly a man or woman in the civilized world whose efficiency is not lower, whose energy is not wasted, whose physical system is not in strife—"the scene of a civil war, and the heart, lungs, and other semiautomatic organs are in a state of perpetual readjustment to opposing conditions," those of nature and those of civilization.

The effect is a growing depletion of the nervous life of civilized mankind—breakdowns, hysterics, crippings, and accompanying quackeries like physical culture, osteopathy, and mental healings, aimed to relieve these conditions but failing in the long run. The cause of their failure is that they affect symptoms, not causes. And the causes here are conflicts within the organism itself, conflicts generated by opposing directions of action in the conditions of life itself. One way out would be to abandon civilization as Tolstoy and Carpenter suggest. But that is neither feasible nor courageous nor desirable. In the mind which has created civilization man has an infallible instrument for the correction of its evils. The way out is the reintegration of bodily action, by means of conscious control.

To attain this control however requires a long process of reëducation. A clinical experience of more than twenty years has convinced Mr. Alexander that most people are the victims of what he brilliantly calls a "debauched kinæsthesia." They have a sense of physical ease or adjustment which is habitual and fixed. That sense sets the standard of posture for them. Yet from the point of view of correctness, the feeling of comfort and ease may accompany the most deleterious posture. Thus there is, in terms of the mechanical arrangement of the body, one position, and one only, which is the position of "mechanical advantage," though because of vicious training and

long standing habit, that position may at first make the subject feel as if he were set out of shape. The readjustment of the organs in terms of the position of "mechanical advantage," and the attainment of a new kinæsthesia are thus basic to a handling of the body at maximum advantage in all the activities of life. Conscious guidance and control will do this; and as Professor Dewey says, Mr. Alexander "possesses and offers a definite method for its realization."

H. M. KALLEN.

The Middle Way in Mysticism

A MANUAL OF MYSTIC VERSE. Edited by Louise Collier Willcox. Dutton; \$1.25.

DREAMS AND IMAGES: An Anthology of Catholic Poets. Edited by Joyce Kilmer. Boni and Liveright; \$1.50.

POEMS OF CONFORMITY. By Charles Williams. Oxford University Press; \$1.40.

TO-MORROW, and Other Poems. By Innes Stitt and Leo Ward. Longmans, Green; \$1.

That person would be not only polite but wise who said nothing inflammable concerning the religious poetry of others. He should not forget that religious poetry is probably of all poetry most seriously an affair of the heart; he ought to speak discreetly therefore, and deal with reserve.

Discriminations however should not be dispensed with; for if religious poetry is to be estimated at all, it obviously can be estimated less as religion than as poetry. Once the reader commences discrimination, he will come to the conclusion that the fear of the Lord is not necessarily the beginning of poetry. In particular he will see, even if he but skims these four volumes, that the most important poetically—the "Manual of Mystic Verse"—is one of the less strictly religious. In this volume, even the adverse minded must concede, is contained much of what is excellent in poetry, certainly most of the best in mystic poetry; it cannot be denied that the excluding of the mediocre and the worst, of which there is a good deal to do, has been thorough and sure. One sounds the bass strings of his imagination in being a mystic; and when one goes so low, the distinction between music and noise is frequently not discoverable. Yet from noise this anthology is free: there is practically no one in this various company of the mystic and the mystically inclined whose tone loses clarity as it gains emotion. Of the impression made by the collection as a whole hardly less can be said; it is an impression much removed from the indistinctness,

the empty symbolism that mars so much mystic thought and verse. You are really not sensible of the dangers of mysticism when you read poetry characterized by so much restraint, by so much dignity and humanity. The poems are freely secular, wide ranging, and rich in the depth of experience they draw upon; and as a consequence the tones with which they speak of Divinity are authoritative and final rather than fanatic. These poets, you feel, praise God from well filled minds, and there is the implication in their language that they know what discipline of the heart is. For with all their positive intuitions, their "associations with eternity," they do not fail to see, and to use in their praise, the many things that the excessively mystic would neglect or deny, the things that lend themselves especially to poetry—not only the inheritance of sense but also all which humanity has won for itself by patience and degrees, and without which it is only accidental that the inheritance of sense can become poetry. In fact one is ready to believe that the debt which such successful mysticism owes to cultivation is not slight; for certainly the debt is not a small one which poetry itself owes to cultivation. We are apt to grow negligent in our recognition of such debts when we contrast the urbane, difficult, and slow progress of cultivation with the swift and vivid passions that kindle poetry and religion; and the mystic, in proportion to his degree of mysticism, is likely to grow contemptuous. Yet even the mystic, unless he is bent on final dissolution, must pause to admit that if cultivation has made us artificial it has also made us articulate. So there is countenance perhaps, in view of the original and liberal soundness of these particular mystics, for the question: Does not he love God best who can remember otherwise than derogatorily the force of "what man has made of man"?

Of the next volume, "Dreams and Images," one regrets that so much cannot be said. Like the "Manual" it skirts easily the dangers of mysticism; it does so however by being more restricted, more official, and more partisan. It voices a less rich and varied spiritual experience, and it lacks the equanimity and resonance that make the poems of the "Manual" the excellent praise and spiritual fortification that they are. There is, of course, no defect of fervor; yet one feels acutely a thinness of expressive resources, and if not a disavowal, a neglect both of the rich poetic textures that the senses supply and of the valuable patterns that cultivation furnishes. The urgent necessity that poetry is perpetually under of being

at once unique and inevitable, novel and familiar, discloses in this volume a good deal that seems to have been in circulation before, and leads to the suspicion that the stores here drawn upon are not copious. These poems are too slightly charged with the perception which chiefly, perhaps alone, clarifies passion and gives it authority. The writers seem to have been in too much haste to praise: they should have gone about; they should have looked at the world less narrowly; they should have known that after all the way afiel more abounds in the praise of heaven which they are seeking than does the hard high road of dogma. Conceding that such a road if it is hard is also fine and smooth, and that those who travel it are safe from the amorphous subjectivity which overtakes the too indulgent mystic, one still feels that if one's companions must be not only orthodox but poetic, their view should have perspective enough to include the art as well as the object of art. The Lord is better praised and man more lastingly fortified in the "Manual" than in "Dreams and Images," because those who wrote the former made haste more thoughtfully in their fashion of praise, and with wider consideration, than those who wrote the latter.

Yet the author of "Poems of Conformity" has taken thought too, one finds, after having searched somewhat uncertainly through their adorned and intricate convolutions. Reviewing his impressions of this volume one is surprised to find at the end a postscript of dissatisfaction that he can scarcely explain. It is not because of thinness; that shortcoming cannot be charged to Mr. Williams's rather complicated maturity; his verse is even somewhat euphuistic in its exhibition of craft and poetic abundance. His orthodoxy, too, is richer in experience and has more weight certainly than that of most of the poets in "Dreams and Images." Pursuing the matter one comes presently to the conclusion that it is the poet's sophistication that he dislikes; and almost at once arises the suspicion that this sophistication shelters as comprehensive a mystic as one has yet seen. Mr. Williams possesses an abundance of verse ideas of a valuable sort; the flights of his imagination are somewhat short, but they are multifarious and very skilfully guided; he seems markedly absorbed in the science of distinction, for he sins by virtuosity sometimes; yet in spite of all this he stands rather betrayed by the blank mysticism of a poem like "Richmond Park." Such a betrayal has, indeed, all the appearance of an accident, for the author has ordinarily a firmly orthodox religious voice and

so abundant and involved, yet so well modulated, an utterance that one is inclined to credit him with being better practiced in the art of felicity than in felicity itself. So the reader is forced to return upon himself and ask what has become of his distinction between the "Manual" and "Dreams and Images," of his impression as to the greater excellence and more liberal maturity of the former. But he will find that the distinction still holds, for it is not hard to see that the "Poems of Conformity" are mature in a more narrowly specialized way than those in the "Manual."

One becomes the more convinced in this impression when he turns to the more ingenuous emotion and less skilfully guided impressionability of Mr. Innes Stitt and Mr. Leo Ward. The same distinction which is to be seen in its outcome by a comparison of the "Poems of Conformity" with those in the "Manual" can be seen here in its inception. The disparity is even emphasized by the arrangement of the poems in the volume, for those dealing with the same or relative aspects of religious emotion are so paired that comparison is inevitable. And Mr. Ward is at a disadvantage in being placed so close to Mr. Stitt, who, perhaps no richer in potentiality, is yet more arresting by his greater clarity and immediacy. The spiritual unity of the two is doubtless—as their editor says—complete, but poetically they are in very different ways. The reader must seek the frequently remote meaning of Leo Ward through intricacies and subversions which do not always justify the labor they entail—as those of Mr. Williams usually do. One sometimes fails of ready comprehension and wonders if a meaning is really there. The result is unfortunate for Mr. Ward, for one turns to such poems as "To-Morrow," by Innes Stitt, rather predisposed to accept their easy intelligibility as a mark of superiority. And one finds them not only easily intelligible; they are at once familiar and distinguished; they are characterized by sincere inspiration, by lucid perception, and by a very delicate spirit of choice. Really such achievements should be held not only as the better art but also as the better religious praise, the better spiritual fortification. In such achievements is not forgotten the value, so greatly prized by Emerson, of "things used as language," a value the too partisanly religious neglect, to their own detriment; yet neither is the purpose of such praise forgotten in the business of composing it.

C. K. TRUEBLOOD.

Lords of Language

OSCAR WILDE, *HIS LIFE AND CONFESSIONS*. By Frank Harris. With a chapter by Bernard Shaw. Two vols. Published by the author; \$5.

Oscar Wilde was himself too good a storyteller not to have relished this tactfully reasoned account of his own life. In what I take to have been Wilde's most mature phase and accordingly that in which his personality found most complete expression, in those last years in Paris, we know he always began the day by the absorption of *apéritifs*. Like the conscientious artist that he is, Frank Harris has modeled his book upon his hero even in this detail: he begins with a twenty-two page report of the trial of Oscar Wilde's father, a distinguished Dublin oculist, for the seduction of one of the younger and more charming of his patients. We already know the book is to be what Oscar would have called "scarlet."

It is appropriate that so diverting a narrative should now be issued in a less unpopularly expensive edition than the form in which the book was first published two years ago. Incidentally this life of Wilde is the most satisfying we possess, not merely containing much personal data, but also vivified and made articulate by the dramatic genius of the author. The style is clear and easy, not seldom illumined by such good things as this reflection on Oscar's talk: "It was all like champagne; meant to be drunk quickly; if you let it stand, you soon realized that some still wines had rarer virtues."

This hagiology should at length burke those heretics who would deny the importance of our most aesthetic martyr. For he that can keep the centre stage in a book by Frank Harris has certainly vindicated his right to wear those spurs which in his case were so early won across the teacups of Oxford. To few men after their death is it given to carry off so signal a triumph as this of holding through two volumes our undivided attention, even with Harris all the time in full view and of course not allowing us for a moment to forget that he has taken out all the big dogs of his day on leash for airing. Neither are the famous dogs of other days allowed to sulk behind the wings. The book includes several score and among them such diverse thoroughbreds as Luther and Baudelaire, Bentham and Michelangelo, Socrates and Bernhardt, not to mention the old headliners, Alexander and Caesar. But our producer appears to see in Goethe his best drawing-card. Indeed we find him on the first page of the little circular sent around to advertise the show. During the performance

proper we are treated to the great Boche at least once in every number solemnly stalking across the scene for all the world like the negro giant in "Chu Chin Chow." Were there not already a rather cumbersome bunch of appendices dangling from the end of volume two, I should recommend to Mr. Harris that in his next edition he include a "Who's Who" of the performers. Harris's Wilde, as at once more condensed and more readable, might well supersede in the education of America President Eliot's somewhat diffuse "Harvard Classics."

But I have no right to treat as a vaudeville what the word "Confessions" in the title might well have admonished me was to be a tragedy. Also in that same little annunciatory tract we read: "Yet his ruin and death were an exemplification of the moral law; he was punished wherein he had sinned." Yes, a tragedy it is, with the protagonist likened to Milton's Satan and "the wild horses of Fate had run away with the light chariot of his fortune." Whether or not Shaw be correct in his diagnosis of Wilde as a prey to an obscure disease called giantism, we are certain that Fate at any rate has here contracted a like complaint. The book is almost as bad as a play by Sophocles. Were it not for such romantic touches as the thrice repeated phrase "strange sins" and for the stimulating atmosphere of "The Police Gazette," I fear some of us moderns could not have survived this biography of the purest modern of us all. Seriously, it is provoking to have that deft master of the quirk and cigarette silhouetted against a not less disturbedly fummy heaven than that behind the Dresden Rubens of Christ on the Cross.

Together with these impertinent paraphernalia of tragedy we find a not less impertinent, if less Greek, moral bias. Not only does Harris exhaust us as well as Wilde with interminable arguments against his friend's *péché favori*, but also he must needs whitewash Oscar of blasphemy. He forgets that he is not writing a character reference, that all the good words in the world cannot make Oscar a curate now. We have startling evidence of how potent the Puritan tradition yet is when a writer of Harris's ability can state as a truism that "all high humanity is the reward of constant striving against natural desires." All through the book we are aware of two presences at either shoulder of our author, Melpomene the trumpet-mouthed and the more nasal Virtue. In the end the more expansively fateful lady gets in the last word:

Since Luther we have been living in a centrifugal movement, in a wild individualism where all ties

of love and affection have been loosened, and now that the centripetal movement has come into power we shall find that in another fifty years or so friendship and love will win again to honor and affinities of all sorts will proclaim themselves without shame and without fear. In this sense Oscar might have regarded himself as a forerunner and not as a survival or "sport."

Really one cannot let this sort of guff pass. What has social solidarity to do with an abnormal manifestation of sex? And if in fifty years Wilde is to be honored, why not now?

Though he used it only to heat the curling-iron for his complicated coiffure of paradox, yet Oscar Wilde undoubtedly had in him a spurt of the divine fire. Try to read a man like Chesterton and you will not go far before your nerves begin to blench from those metallic paradoxes which come with all the precision of an automatic alarum. In Wilde, on the other hand, they are never the mere jolts we find them in the ordinary writer. Each has a peculiar grace and flavor of its own and one is no more the double to another than are two persons merely because both happen to be dressed in other than the expected costume. Such a book as "The Decay of Lying" has only one fault: the argument is so patently just that the style almost wearies us—charming though it be—and we desire nuts less easy to crack.

Of course to the Philistines these ideas were, are, and ever will be very real paradoxes indeed. Here lies the secret not only of Wilde's literary method, but also of his life: both his words and his poses were forever addressed to the Philistines, and that he should have found them worth mystifying is the real tragedy. Nowhere else than in England could a man of Wilde's intelligence have been bunkoed into taking the properties at their own valuation. There, however, so inexpugnably are they entrenched that better men than he have accepted conditions and become, like him, despite their genius, mere snobs. Such power has the shell-fire of public opinion when kept up from the home through school and university. From Lord Byron to Lord Alfred Douglas we can watch file by the terrible troop of the damned. Had Dante been an Englishman he would have constructed in hell a tenth circle and there we should have seen no more piteous figure than Oscar Wilde. Yet mediocrity remains the prime condition of popularity, and we are pleased to find that our fop of genius never was quite the button on the cap of London society that he liked to imagine.

But if we feel his writing to be self-conscious, let us remember that in this world sanity cannot

be otherwise; and of such affectations as there are we can truly say that they take our heart as no sincerity ever could do. His teaching, too, was essentially good, for in all his writings we find that most needed and most difficult of lessons: to perceive the value of the passing moment is the aim of all sound culture.

Frank Harris was a staunch friend and will always be sure of the respect and honor due to one who had the generosity to stand by a wronged man when all England forgot the meaning of the words fair play. But if it was the part of a friend to arrange for flight and to counsel it with so multiform an ingenuity, yet it was the part of a Roman, however imperial he thought himself, to stand trial. Harris was of course also right in urging his friend to conciliate "Philistine jurymen." But knowing Wilde and knowing Anglo-Saxon jurymen, does anyone believe that to have been possible? Wilde's behavior at the trial would have been a gesture for which we could now have little but admiration, if only in the sequence he had carried it off. Knowing what followed, we fear lest of the many explanations he afterwards gave for his passivity, the true one was that had he not brought suit against Queensberry and had he later fled to France, "everyone would be laughing at me"—to a snob the one unthinkable disaster.

Even so, a more virile character would have put up a fight. Reading Wilde's life we can well believe his assertions of distaste at the animalism of Trinity and Oxford and his friends' witness that he always shrank from any gross or crude expression. The same idiosyncrasy of temperament comes out in his inability to comprehend Aubrey Beardsley, even when illustrating his own "Salome." He was not sufficiently downright to savor the falcon-like intensity of him who so sheerly pounces to the sanguine heart of his subject. It would have been better to have kept complete silence than to have spoken of that divine guttersnipe as an "orchid-like personality."

"The Ballad of Reading Gaol," says Frank Harris, "is beyond all comparison the greatest ballad in English: one of the noblest poems in the language." Lord Alfred Douglas in that most terrible of all books, "Oscar Wilde and Myself," demonstrates to his own satisfaction the worthlessness of all his friend's work. I am not fond of the word demonstrate applied to questions of taste, but surely if there ever can be a demonstration in such matters, we have it in Harris's juxtaposition of some verses from "The Shropshire Lad" and parts of "The Ballad."

In such company, to my ear at least, "The Ballad" rings second-rate: the best one can say of it is that it is less insipid than the rest of Wilde's verse.

Harris speaks of the "De Profundis" as "the best pages of prose he ever wrote." Here again some of us would differ; we think that Oscar Wilde wrote better things than this pompous rigmarole in which he calls his grief at his mother's death "the incommunicable pageant of my purple woe." Despite the at least mauve quality of Lady Wilde, such an expression seems a bit thick. I wish Frank Harris had not liked the "De Profundis" so well: the influence has not been good. This extraordinary letter is an example of man's attempt to persuade himself that all is for the best and in particular that his individual fortune, whatever it be, is good. When Oscar was proud, he did not have to reflect much to reach the decision that pride is a virtue. Now that worldly disaster had overthrown his pride, there became for him no virtue like humility. In the light of his pose at the trial, this is all rather funny, but pitiful too; and regarding the "De Profundis" as a piece in the structure of Wilde's whole life, it assumes truly frightful proportions. Written to expose the perfidy of Douglas, it exposes in even more embarrassing fashion the writer himself. For the world then saw that he who had roared so prettily, now that the lion- tonic of adulation was taken from him, could only bleat those damning dicta which all humanity inevitably applaud.

Harris, like everybody else, is interested in the question of Wilde's unproductiveness those last years in Paris. Again and again he urged his friend to write, but always in vain. Why would he do nothing? Was it perhaps that literary composition had never been so easy for him as he had once pretended? Did Wilde analyze justly when he said he could write only of joy, and his prison life had made that henceforth impossible? How then could he talk, as he surely did, with the old verve and abandon? Was not the real reason that Oscar Wilde had at last come to know himself and consequently his limitations? Did he not see that of his writings his plays were the best? And was not their worth almost wholly in the brilliant dialogue? A true artist, he devoted himself to what was best in him, his conversation. What right had those who were privileged to hear him to grudge him his support? Is there any earthly reason why we should not pay for conversation as well as for books? It is

fitting that the manner of payment for this most haphazard of the arts should also be unregulated. As Wilde himself said, "at any rate we who talk should not be condemned by those to whom we dedicate our talents. It is for posterity to blame us." In favor of good conversation there is, besides, the excellent argument that, after all, those who in any period can really enjoy the best of a language are so few they can easily be reached in the more intimate manner. Wilde appears to have possessed when animated a rare personal phosphorescence, such as we expect to find only in women and there not often. This combined with the genius of the man must have been irresistible. Mr. Harris is temerarious so lightly to condemn the method of Socrates and of Dr. Johnson.

But in the end we tire of all these facts and theories, so cumbrously do they hang about the gracious figure of Oscar Wilde. Let us remember him an undergraduate, seated in Magdalen Lodge, attended by the Alice-in-Wonderland porter, lazing away an Oxford afternoon. The bright-eyed commoners hurry through on willing feet to river and to playing-field. But the clever and the comely stay despite themselves. They collect about the heavy speaker of light words, a somewhat young and oily god of a new Sargasso Sea. Meanwhile the captain of the Eight is cursing that there should be no other less perilous exit from Oxford's first rowing college.

Those whom the world loves die hard and so we have more than one precious conflicting legend that Oscar Wilde yet lives. Because of his sacerdotal physique I think he would prefer us to think of him as a monk in that Carmelite Monastery in Spain. Dear lover of the irresponsible, erstwhile so elaborately an idler, cherisher of the ardent nothingness of everyday, now he habits where only the vines are irresponsible and life is a carved jade. Perhaps he is seated even now on a warm stone bench and looking out across the Atlantic. Perhaps he sees the doughty figure of Frank Harris astride his mustang plunging along over the blue backs of the waves, one hand easily controlling his remarkable mount while with the other he holds out before him, still wet from the printer, the sheets of this book; for he is eager and liberal of his own as only a cowboy can be. The venerable Carme basking in the sunlight perceptibly smiles: he is aware that this world also has its compensations.

SCOTFIELD THAYER.

A Varied Harvest

PERRIES ON THE SHORE. By "Alpha of the Plough." Dutton; \$2.

DAYS OUT, and Other Papers. By Elisabeth Woodbridge. Houghton Mifflin; \$1.25.

SHANDYGAFF. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page; \$1.40.

Essays—three sheaves of them, garnered by three different hands. One is an English hand; one is a New England hand, gloved after the manner of the "Atlantic Monthly"; and the third is—well, in the absence of positive knowledge one would best be content to call Mr. Christopher Morley's hand Anglo-Saxon, without too pronounced a lunge toward the specific. Mr. Morley calls himself an American, and is resident in our East; but—his name, his years at Cambridge University, even the verb "shews" on the jacket advertisement (the author's own composition). . . . Though the reading public is destined to become increasingly aware of him, and that very shortly, Mr. Morley is still on the right side of thirty, and his biography therefore is not to be gathered from any of the usual works of reference. One might telephone some publishing office or other literary centre for his origins and his life thus far; but somehow one rather enjoys one's own surmises. I shall continue to figure Christopher Morley as an English university man who has transferred himself to the United States early enough to undergo, willingly and quickly, the process of Americanization. Anyhow, he writes as cheerily and intimately of New York and Long Island as of London and Suffolk.

There is no room for such uncertainty about "Alpha of the Plough." He is unqualifiedly British through and through, and is a seasoned, practiced hand. His book is made up of papers reprinted from the London "Star." He tosses these trifles off as deftly as the man in the front window of the restaurant tosses griddlecakes—and almost as mechanically. Nor does he fail to contribute the obligatory piece to show how the trick is turned. "On Writing an Article" pleasantly gives the method away, telling how one may get to the end without reaching his subject at all. But the book is a reissue, and the text calls for less comment than the pictures. These, numerous and exceedingly apropos, are by Charles E. Brock. One longs to write a book of essays, if only on the chance of getting Mr. Brock to illustrate them. How he could ever be adequately paid for putting in so much invention,

understanding, taste, and variety—but that is between him and his publishers.

Miss Woodbridge's book is another matter. She relies wholly on her own good pen and unillustrated text. She too is deft, and she is zestfully original, in her trig New England way; but "Alpha" has a richer reservoir to draw on and is steadied by long-established conventions. If you find "Alpha" a little stale and cut-and-dried, you will find Elisabeth Woodbridge fresh and unhackneyed. The Anglo-Saxon world has room for both.

It assuredly has room also for Mr. Morley—and a waiting niche, which he will doubtless adorn, if he does not allow certain second-rate phases of this new world to get the upper hand of him. He exhibits both sides of the shield, is on both sides of the water—a straddle which he accomplishes with ease and spirit. His spirits, indeed, seem uniformly high, and one credits him with a good hearty young mental digestion. He is sprightly, alert, and various. He is skittish and informal too—in the fashion, oftentimes, of the young Englishman who is away from home and home regulations. He can strike a high note, as in his observations on President Wilson or on the German Emperor; and he can fall, with facility, to the lower strata of ordinary American "humor," as in "Time to Light the Furnace," or in "Febrifuge," where he handles unceremoniously, as elsewhere, certain of his brethren of the pen. He can dexterously blend English memories and American "actualities" in such a paper as "The Art of Walking"; and he can go off on absolutely unique inventions, full of "thick-coming fancies," as in his guidebook pages descriptive of the town of "Strychnine." If there is anywhere pattern and sanction for such a jeu d'esprit, I don't know where it is.

Morley is interesting to read and interesting to write about; but I must go back to the others. He, as I have implied, can readily dip to the level of the shirt-sleeve feuilleton, and he is prompt to acknowledge that his personal associates are literary celebrities, and as such may be put to any informal use; but Miss Woodbridge, even at her lightest and most elastic, does not quite forget that she has appeared in the Contributors' Club of "The Atlantic." Thought, usually; fun, often; but with decorum, whether in "Manners and the Puritan" or in "Clubs among the Cubs." And "Alpha" is genteel without end. Mr. Morley's literary manners are variable. There was of course a time,

forty or fifty years ago, when the American reader—under the spell of Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, and the rest—assumed that literature was primarily a vehicle for the self-expression of the gentleman. We know better now, when the rough-and-ready is having its day as never before. But the essay still has a few old-time shreds of gentility clinging to it. Perhaps it will be the last of the literary forms to be completely informalized and rowdified. Shirt sleeves, if swollen by the afflatus, might better pass the essay by and seek other accessible media. In the case of Mr. Morley one inclines to appeal from a Christopher intoxicated by the novelties and freedom of a new world to a Christopher sobered by a consciousness of the fine things he can achieve if he will only settle down to the work.

HENRY B. FULLER.

Purpose and Flippancy

HIS SECOND WIFE. By Ernest Poole. Macmillan; \$1.50.

THE BOARDMAN FAMILY. By Mary S. Watts. Macmillan; \$1.50.

Ernest Poole's latest novel is of a pleasing brevity and of a sustained interest—no small virtues among so many works of fiction in which bright and disconnected incident seems to be the one imagined artistic value. You scarcely expect him to have abandoned his well worn American theme of redemption, but you are pleasantly surprised to find that his sociological emphasis has been much mitigated. In his other books his social conscience led him always into "problems," but his artistic sense seemed incapable of holding him back from pursuing them to an almost crank-like exaggeration. The great engineering project in "The Harbor," the wonderful school in "His Family" swelled to an apocalyptic rôle that became slightly absurd even to the sense of the most inflamed "social worker" or youthful idealist. And in the latter book the process of living on in our children's lives received a damnable reiteration that fairly numbed our eugenic good will. Mr. Poole did not purport to be writing large-mouthed allegories of modern engineering and education. After all, he was telling a living story of the kind of people that we all know. But what chance had they in a sociological setting so heavily out of drawing? How could anybody help being a prig, living in such a glare of institutional responsibility, or acting always so that the sociological scriptures might be fulfilled?

In the present novel that falseness of emphasis has been much relieved, the sociology immensely deflated. We are given a straight story of personal redemption, the restoring of a young architect to his earlier ideals, back from the mad materialistic pursuit of money. There lingers an odor of the crank in that idea of an apartment house built up in receding tiers. But it is a long way ahead from the crazy dream of Bruce's in "His Family," the city of a thousand stories, with elevators and subways shooting about within it. When in the present book the devil takes Joe up into the high mountain, it is to show him, I admit, alternate red, white, and blue apartment houses on Riverside Drive, named after the presidents. But "His Second Wife" shows, on the whole, the slow maturing of Mr. Poole's imagination. To Mr. Poole these ideas do not yet seem funny; he is too much concerned with them as symbols of the struggle between mammon and the ideal. He does not feel a strain on our credulity that idealism should be so easily taken in by the grotesque, or express itself as determinedly in the grotesque. The idealism that Mr. Poole's heroes usually embody is of a very inchoate and disturbingly inarticulate nature. But in this book we are on safer ground. The motif of Ethel, the second wife, who brings about Joe's redemption in a union with his unammunized old associates, is the familiar culture-thirst. She is seeking the purposeful people who talk about Art and Music, and holding herself doggedly to the cultural line marked out by her fiercely feminist little professor in college. The solution which restores her husband brings her to the cultural fountain of Greenwich Village in the happiest kind of an ending for a serious story of redemption. And in the absence of the brooding institutional problem even Ethel seems so much less priggish than the characters in Mr. Poole's other books that we are almost willing to excuse him his worn and faded theme.

His people, it is true, still sound like persons whom we have never met ourselves, but whom we hear a friend talk about so much that we come finally to feel almost acquainted with them. The feeling of intimacy would be better conveyed perhaps if Mr. Poole were more detached from them. There is always too much evidence that he is sharing their immaturities and making out a case for his motifs. His tone is always more or less tight and protective, as if the admission of any cynicism or even speculation about his ideals would undermine them. Life to him

seems too dangerous to be allowed to run around loose in a novel. It will not do to give the natural man entrance unless the plot is prepared to knock him on the head the minute he enters. At one point in "His Second Wife" the word "sensual" is thus properly rebuked. I can hardly think that Mr. Poole wants to write didactic novels. Yet no one is using fiction today more devotedly as a vehicle of old-fashioned moral purpose. And the strangest thing about Mr. Poole is that it is all apparently done in the name of modern ideas. Yet after all, Ethel, who finds herself so unexpectedly stepping into her dead sister's rôle, with the necessity to fight back the latter's ambitious influence that had drawn the young husband away from his dreams, is a soundly and conscientiously conceived character. There is a type of well-bred American girl who does exhibit just this combination of infantile desire and sophisticated introspection, of Joan of Arc enthusiasm for feminist causes and cringing in the face of the concrete dominating male, of extreme sexual timidity and curiosity about "modern" notions. She is the girl from whose instincts the bloom of health has been rubbed by the sterile family life and education which have worked so hard over her. She is already beginning to seem a little old-fashioned, but her hesitating priggishness is worth preserving in a novel.

In Sandra Boardman, Mrs. Watts presents us with very much the same kind of girl, but the author's imagination is unable to do anything else with her than turn her into a sort of mummified professional dancer. There is nothing inherently improbable about this pleasant girl's leaving the admirable home of one of the best families in an Ohio city to make a career for herself in New York. But having got her there, Mrs. Watts reduces this young person of good sense and taste to a sort of mechanical whirling dervish of musical comedy, lets her become preposterously affianced to her unusually awful Jewish manager, and then extricates her only by the trick of sending them to England on the *Lusitania*, from which she rescues only Sandra. Mrs. Watts fills her pages with so much vulgarity that I may perhaps be permitted the vulgarity of saying that at this perfectly obvious trickery I felt exactly as if my pursuit of the sincere and convincing in American fiction had been met by an unusually impudent thumbing of the nose. One is the more indignant because Mrs. Watts has so much talent. She writes with an intimacy, a fluency,

a good humor that show her a competent disciple of Thackeray. You are really acquainted with her characters. She has the jolly attitude towards life that Mr. Poole lacks, and she is devoid of moralistic bias. But her glaring deficiencies of taste spoil one book after another. With her ease, humor, and astonishing feeling for the commonplaces of American existence, she can yet cheapen a book until she leaves you with a feeling of utter intellectual ribaldry. It is not only because she has the most hair-raising equipment of pseudo-current slang possessed by any American novelist, and slaps it on with a hand that knows no mercy. The air of flippancy which she always manages to reach comes from something deeper than that. I think it is that she lacks all sense of the value of her material, or at least of the proportionate values. The earlier chapters about the Thatcher and the Boardman families, the boy and girl life, are charming. This homely veracity is the thing that Mrs. Watts does best. Her easy careless style is suited to it. It is her metier. But the story of Sandra's life in New York has not the least artistic relation with this early setting. It is another novel altogether, and only a feeble artistic sense could run it so placidly along after the broad and vivid picture of the Boardman family. This family was her theme, and Sandra's adventures are an irrelevance which could only be justified by some conscientious development that would put them in the key of the earlier picture. Mrs. Watts however attempts no such development. The last touch of gaucherie is provided by the recivilized Sandra's appearance in an army camp, married to the honest sweetheart of her youth. "The Boardman Family," about whom the book is supposed to be, have long since evaporated from their biographer's interest.

Is this trickery and bad taste the result of Mrs. Watts's desire for an interesting plot? Does she pad out with Sandra because she feels that the light-minded reader is tired of the family? Or is it just American artlessness to write invertebrate novels? Mrs. Watts moves inorganically about with her slangy youth until you long for the prig again. Mr. Poole's plot is at least an honest one, organically knit. An honest plot is better than a tricky one. But perhaps American novels would be better if the writers were less concerned with plot and incident, and more with the task of telling their story with all the length and depth and breadth of its significance.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS

DENMARK AND SWEDEN WITH ICELAND AND FINLAND. By Jon Stefansson. Putnam; \$1.50.

The most recent addition to the "Story of the Nation Series" is a history of the Scandinavian lands. The author, Dr. Jon Stefansson of King's College, London, is an Icelandic scholar of some eminence, perhaps best known for his study of Scandinavian place-names in England. In the present volume Dr. Stefansson deals particularly with the history of modern times: his theme is the long and disastrous strife between the kings of Sweden and Denmark for the hegemony in the North and the control of the Baltic, the story of Danish power in the sixteenth century and of Swedish leadership in the seventeenth. The account is reasonably accurate and will prove helpful to all who would learn the main facts of Scandinavian history; it is, however, thoroughly conventional and possesses no outstanding excellences. The story of the middle ages in the North is told in the most meager detail; the author apparently does not appreciate the fact that the development of literary culture in the earlier centuries was probably of more lasting importance than the struggle for empire in later days. Two good chapters relate the separate histories of Iceland and Finland; but there is no separate treatment of Norway. This kingdom was, it is true, under Danish rule for four centuries; but in the middle ages Norway was, at times at least, the most important country in Scandinavia; and it has again enjoyed a century of honorable and independent history since 1814. Dr. Stefansson seems also to overestimate the rôle of the kings and scarcely appreciates the parts played by the great statesmen. On the whole his account is too much a history of the doings of courts and capitals; the great popular movements that after all shape the life of a nation are not given the prominence and detailed treatment that they deserve.

PICTURES OF WAR WORK IN AMERICA.
By Joseph Pennell. Lippincott; \$2.

Joseph Pennell has been at work supplying a substitute for the tremendous inventory of wartime achievement. In his new book "Pictures of War Work in America" he has given us thirty-six lithographs of the new America. Quite apart from their significance as images of our country today, they carry a new connotation of labor. One feels that Mr. Pennell should have tried for a bigger title than "War Work": in his preface there is a reference to the wonder of work, and perhaps if the title had been changed to "The Wonder of Production" it would have been more in keeping with the remarkable lithographs it

embraces. Work has never ceased through the ages. Men like Millet, Menzel, and Daumier have shown us the workman and his sweat; while Pennell deals with work as arduous and as grim, he features the boundlessness and immensity of it. Where Millet dealt with the combat of hoe and weed, Pennell swings us in the immensity of production. He gives us man's control of forces, where before we had a drawn battle between the two. Seen in retrospect Pennell's early work, while always full of artistry and technical excellence, seems to have been inspired by a certain prompting of dilletantism, a certain facile grace which, though it made his cathedrals beautiful, hardly made them as significant monuments of their time as our munition works are of our own. In romantic days the hero was made the first swordsman of France. Today Pennell makes steel transcendental. It is endowed on his lithographic stone with the same power and glory that the Greek gave to the human figure, that the quattrocento painter gave to God, that the landscapist gives to the sun. Where so many war artists have descended into cheap commercialism in their strain for novelty, it is interesting to note that Pennell keeps his new strength within the bounds of art and also without any strain on his medium. His massing of blacks in "The Prow" and "The Riveters" is splendid. The Government has shown discernment in deciding that Mr. Pennell should be the one artist to see and record the newest wonders.

AMERICA'S MESSAGE TO THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE: Addresses by the Members of the Russian Mission. Marshall Jones; \$1.50.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Alexander Petrunkevitch, Samuel N. Harper, and Frank A. Goldberg. THE JUGO-SLAV MOVEMENT. By Robert J. Kerner. Harvard University Press; \$1.

It has taken us a year to realize how tragically important was the task of the special diplomatic mission sent to Russia to carry America's greeting to our younger sister in democracy. It then seemed eminently proper that Elihu Root should be at the head of the mission; he was our foremost statesman and diplomatist. After all, his job was to keep Russia in the war and to capture its wavering good will for the Allies. Today, of course, we have the wisdom that comes after the event and can see that probably no more unfortunate choice could have been made. There is a pathetic staleness now in Mr. Root's surmise that the Russian revolution was something more than a mere conventional political phenomenon, in his warning to the "better classes" that, unless due restraint were shown, the rights of property might be destroyed, along with opportunities for commercial development and profit. Yet Mr.

Root is careful never to mention Socialism by name—at least not in Russia. He reserves his comment for a speech in New York on his return, when he makes an engaging analogy between those holding the doctrine of internationalism and our own hard-harried I. W. W. This book is a record of the spiritual obtuseness and lack of imaginative sympathy on the part of our chief messenger to the new Russia. And so we have to turn to the lesser luminaries who, if less brilliant, are intellectually less stubborn. Their chance for understanding Russia is correspondingly greater. Mr. Harper in an essay called "Forces Behind the Revolution" sketches the changes following the overthrow of the Czar. These changes are noted in orderly manner; he gives them their due weight. Perhaps he gives them a bit more. He would have strengthened his style and point if he had given more emphasis to the intense longing on the part of the Russian people for peace—albeit a general democratic peace—and for an opportunity to work out their revolution without external complications. Mr. Petrunkevitch discovers that the intellectuals in Russia failed to understand the revolution. Mr. Goldberg contributes an interesting account of the rottenness of the Russian court prior to the debacle. And Mr. Kerner summarizes the struggle of the Jugo-Slavs for national unity.

LETTERS OF JOHN HOLMES TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AND OTHERS. Edited by William Roscoe Thayer. With an introduction by Alice M. Longfellow. Houghton Mifflin; \$2.50.

Holmes, Lowell, Thayer, Longfellow—amply buttressed with great names and adorned with expensive illustrations, this somewhat fragile book is ushered into a warspent world. And on the whole, though John Holmes seems to have achieved nothing in this life save character, the publication of his letters is justifiable—maybe justified—first, because his character is charmingly individual; and secondly, because it is significantly typical. John—"There is but one John," said Lowell, who loved him—was the younger brother of Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was born in 1812 in the old gambrel-roofed parsonage near Cambridge Common, graduated from Harvard in 1832, housed with his mother in the old house as long as she lived (which was very long), and then moved across the Common to Appian Way No. 5, where he remained peacefully through his old age, more or less confined by a chronic lameness. Sometimes he could not walk at all; but there were more times when he hobbled about in comparative freedom. His many friends agree as to his bright-mindedness and keen sense of the droll, his quaintness and

courtesy. He knew everybody in the village, at least by sight, even unto the cats.

One kind of population is plenty at No. 5 A.W., viz., cats. They seem an Ecumenical Council. Rose, a great favorite with Miss, disappeared from Saturday night till this forenoon, when she sauntered in at the front gate with that irrelevant air that cats have, and showed little emotion at the great joy she caused.

John Holmes's provincialism, which exceeded Oliver Wendell's, was nearly as local as a cat's. Playfully, but with underlying meaning, he wrote to a friend:

I shall surprise you perhaps by telling you that I too am going to make an excursion; and where do you suppose? I am going across the water. What do you say to that? I am going to leave my native home—its solitudes, sweet though sad—its associations—its group of familiar friends—and cross the dreary waste of waters to Boston.

He was a dear old courtly droll Brahmin, whose like we shall not see in the twentieth century. He died, appropriately, in 1899.

THE LESS FAMILIAR KIPLING AND KIPLINGANA. By G. F. Monkshood. Dutton; \$2.

This book is a sufficient refutation of the claim that Kipling's reputation is extinct. No publisher would produce so wholly unnecessary a book about a forgotten man. There is probably no modern writer whose bibliography is so confusing as Rudyard Kipling's. No list even approximately complete of his uncollected works, and of the original places of publication of the collected works, has ever been compiled. Mr. Monkshood has done nothing to better our knowledge. He devotes about thirty pages to summarizing the sketches reprinted in "Abaft the Funnel," a volume which, in America at any rate, is not so scarce as to justify such an expenditure of effort; the remainder of the book is a hodgepodge of anecdotes, brief quotations from uncollected works, parodies, and bibliographic notes. Little of the material is new, and most is accessible in better form elsewhere. The most scathing parody ever written—that by Hilaire Belloc in "Caliban's Guide to Letters"—is not given, and those which are given are not worth reprinting. The bibliographic notes add nothing to the information contained in the bibliographies of Yorke Powell, John Lane, Luther Livingston, or the pretentious and unsatisfactory "Kipling Dictionary" published five or six years ago. Were Mr. Monkshood's pursuit of Kiplingana as indefatigable as his publishers assert, he would have found the series of articles which appeared in "Notes and Queries" early in 1914, and would thereby have corrected some of the errors which he repeats from the writers just named. Some day a complete biography and bibliography of Rudyard Kipling will be written, but it is not likely that Mr. Monkshood will be the author.

NOTES ON NEW FICTION

What quaint forms our new international idealism may take in an American mind is shown in an intellectual extravaganza like the anonymous "Professor Latimer's Progress" (Holt; \$1.40). The author is apparently relying on a certain smart frivolity of tone to charm the reader towards a serious moral and to comfort any skepticism the war may have given him about religion or society. Professor Latimer is a kind of American Dr. Pangloss who seeks relief from the intellectual oppressiveness of the war in a walking trip through the countryside, intent on restoring his faith in the best of all possible worlds. Movie actresses, amateur sociologists, experimental psychologists, tuberculosis experts, retired reporters liberate his mind; and, talking all the while, he returns home cured, convinced that the evils of society are overrated. He demolishes a young puppy who has insulted Labor by picturing it as oppressed; he exposes a psychologist who wishes to destroy his soul with statistics; he has a dream fight with their father, the Devil; he puts the modern woman in her place. Each person he meets becomes a means of his indignantly reestablishing for himself some particular bright side of things. If the author were only a Voltaire all this might be excellent fun. But unfortunately he really wants us to believe in his God and to believe that in his process of setting the world straight America is really going to set the eternal verities back on the wall. So his entertaining, if somewhat spinsterly, satire ends in the exquisite banality of the Professor's actually achieving comfort and consolation. Surely nothing is flatter than satire which ends in a moral. This book's dénouement makes the whimsicality of the style highly offensive. The whole thing is put off color. You suspect a provincial mind which has wrapped its naïve conservative credulity in a smart sophisticated style. The mind of the author, which one might have taken as acute, betrays itself as essentially frivolous. With the best will in the world to be at home with the ideas he tosses so lightly, he seems to lack even that sense of their significance which would justify him in ridiculing them.

"Flood Tide" by Daniel Chase (Macmillan; \$1.50) is the kind of book one hesitates to varnish over with too high a gloss—out of sheer liking for the honest grain of the thing as it is. Mr. Chase surveys his hero's progress from the small Massachusetts town of his birth to college, through business in Boston and New York, to leisurely society—and back again. A young man's book, and no satire! Further marks of strength are the vividness of his vision and his unflinching style, though nowhere do you catch more than a profile of John Coffin, the hero. But an amiably

American work it is, hero or no hero. There are other signs of nationality, for as in its ancestor "Silas Lapham" the hero's rise comes only after his financial downfall. Is it the puritanic story of the Rich Young Man and the Kingdom of Heaven that makes us so self-conscious about money? From Whitehaven John Coffin went on to college—very evidently Dartmouth—and in the chapters on undergraduate life Mr. Chase really begins his story. Among the easily recognizable types is one Langdon, editor of the college paper, who incidentally gives an illuminating definition of college as "catalysis." Coffin planned to return to college as an instructor, but was diplomatically thwarted by his father. He actually did start in a wholesale grocer's in Boston. From here, according to the monotonously and conventionally melodramatic way of business men, he rose to be head of a chain of retail stores in New York, in company with a Jew named Marks and his boyhood friend Stowell. Quite as clearly as in the chapters on college life, the author sketches the commercial scenes and figures of this period:

"There was also an old ark of a typewriter, second cousin to a drop forge and related by sound to a McCormick reaper. Stowell used this as a gymnasium. . . . In the yards below me a switching engine crept about, coughing apologetically but insistently, in search of some car which had fallen into bad company."

But the business once established, Coffin neglected it for North Shore society and even a voyage of exploration to South America. This life, hardly more congenial than business, sent him back to his boyhood home—and a love affair tardily renewed. Again in Whitehaven he begins life over after the simultaneous smashup of Marks and the Stores. The book leaves him free to pursue a latent interest in painting. Good in many ways, "Flood Tide" is exceptional in one respect: it improves. Not a few of our writers, Booth Tarkington for one, seem rather to tire of their work after the second third of it. Mr. Chase lives up to his title. It is the early, and probably autobiographical, chapters which are the weakest of all. This will not be Mr. Chase's first and only book.

If Joseph Anthony had ended "Rekindled Fires" (Holt; \$1.40) on page 219 he would have had a most charming novel. Stanislav Zabransky—Stanley Zabriskie for scholastic purposes—is about to lead a strike in the tobacco works in Creekville, New Jersey, when he is most amusingly and amazingly sent off to college under the patronage of his patriarchal Bohemian employer and the local Sons of Bohemia. College is, of course, the inevitable sequel to those school days, so winningly portrayed, when Stanley is the intellectual pride of the little immigrant community, teaching his father to read and conduct

ing the literary affairs of union and saloon. Life can hardly be as idyllic and entertaining as this among the Bohemian and German factory workers of a New Jersey village, but we take the picture at its own valuation so long as Stanley stays strictly at home and the world is only as large as the village. The author's humor plays delightfully about the local racial and political feuds, the union and the school, the shrewd old parents, Stanley's adventures with his American boy friend. All this community life makes very novel material, which is treated by the author with a warm intimacy and charm that is altogether appealing. But the college life that follows is neither novel nor interesting. The pointlessness of Stanley's adventures betrays the amateur's hand, which was concealed while the author stayed with us in Creekville. Our imaginations could have done better with Stanley's progress than Mr. Anthony has. And incarceration in a Missouri college as instructor in philosophy seems a cruelly banal ending for so charming a boyhood as Stanley Zabriskie's.

"Why the 'ell," one can imagine Thomas Burke saying to himself, "wasn't I born where cinnamon and aconite, betel and bhang hang on the air, and luxurious, leisurely revenges are executed with poison and slender knives?" Why not indeed, except that then there would have been little in London's Chinatown to stimulate his interest. His senses would have been accustomed to the odors and sights that now permeate him with an exotic feeling of mystery and adventure, and every Mongol would not be so crammed with delightful dramatic possibilities. Mr. Burke's "Limehouse Nights" was melodrama carried to the *n*th degree: melodrama of the senses, of the imagination, of human events, of phrases even. There he was, in fact, such a passionate young melodramatist that one forgave him his crudities. But these stare one rudely in the eye from "Twinkletoes" (McBride; \$1.35). No matter how bad the company a story writer's characters keep, they really ought not to harbor "the light of love-madness" in their eyes. Neither is it any longer fashionable for "torrents of bright curls" to "foam" about any young lady's neck, nor for prize fighters to talk like a sick school-girl about love, however sentimental they become. Mr. Burke's melodramatic bent is betraying him. Twinkletoes, for example, the little dancing girl who is his adored heroine, is made intolerably good and sweet just to deepen the horror of what happens one night when she goes on a little party. How can anyone help disliking a heroine who had "epigrammatic legs in their darned stockings," who is sentimental about her father and makes everyone including Mr. Burke sentimental about herself? He and she are both at their best when Twinkletoes is living as well

as talking the vernacular. But vernacular and local color do not make the man or the story. When Nemesis descends upon Twinkletoes, and Chinatown learns how her education was bought at the price of her father's crime, when she weeps and gets drunk and goes to the bad, then Mr. Burke repents him of some of his ways. Then too, even at the most tear-stained spot, he has the hardihood to observe that "she was no longer a little girl, but a tortured organism." Perfervid critics have run up and down fame's ladder plucking the busts of O. Henry, Robert Louis even, and Lafcadio Hearn off their pedestals and setting Mr. Burke's in the vacant niches. It won't do. He has flashes of poetry, imagination, passion, humor. But he has not disciplined himself and he writes too often with the irresponsible excitement of a police court reporter or a builder of thrupenny thrillers.

"The Long Trick" by "Bartimeus" (Doran; \$1.35) resembles nothing so much as a group of recruiting posters, drawn from life, presenting scenes on the Great Fleet in the North Sea. "Groups of Droll Officers Chaffing in the Wardroom," "Group of Midshipmen Dining in the Gunroom," "A Shore Picnic," "Galley Races, Sparring Matches, and Other Diversions aboard Ship" some might be called. The term novel, and the division of it into chapters successively numbered, is accordingly a bit misleading, for otherwise the author has made no particular effort toward continuity. "The Long Trick," "Bartimeus's" first "novel," is a natural successor to "Naval Occasions" and "The Tall Ship"—the one vivid in episode, the other keen in local color. Their virtues are the faults of "The Long Trick" as a novel; and there seems to be no real reason for insisting that this is a novel. If it is less than that in some ways, it is on the whole a great deal more. A studied plan would weaken the natural effect of "Bartimeus's" unadorned narrative. The decks of these ships are firm enough to walk on; the characters have substantial hands to shake; and the same ironic tang flavors the conversation of these enlisted men that marked that of Kipling's heroes in India. Now and again, with a sweep like Conrad's, "Bartimeus" will turn such a descriptive phrase as: "They passed each other thus. The waves that washed over the raft rolled the dead man's head to and fro, as if he found the situation rather preposterous." With such chapters in mind as that recounting the Battle of Jutland, one has no wish to disparage "The Long Trick" in calling it a series of war posters. Real artists with clear eye and firm hand are also making them.

It would be difficult, also, to apply the term fiction to any of the six sketches comprising Mr. L. P. Jacks's "The Country Air" (Holt; \$1.). "Farmer Jeremy and His Ways," the first and

most creditable, is what a somewhat accelerated Addison might do in 1917; "Farmer Perryman's Tall Hat" is a distinctly rustic anecdote; there is a flavor of the sixteenth century in "A Grave-digger Scene"; "Macbeth and Banquo" seems, in spite of its address, of its tramps and smells and South Africa, and in spite of its title, to be something after the way of the urbane and superficial eighteenth century; in "Mary" Mr. Jacks appears to be taking unchivalrous British revenge on the New Woman; "That Sort of Thing," for all its banter, one suspects, is chiefly an editorial on the shocking state of British schools. There are many paragraphs and passages that would do distinct credit to a book of essays; there is humor; there is the grace of wit; there is distinction in the writing; there is evidence, even, that Mr. Jacks easily lays his hands on the materials of fiction; there is the dispatch so necessary to modern stories. But when all is seen, it is clear that this volume lacks what most of us understand by fiction. One might say that "Mary" is a novel in the making—if one thereupon hastened to add that the editor of "The Hibbert Journal" is not the man to make it. Mr. Jacks, in spite of the length of these sketches, evidently lacks the "breath" requisite for a novel; and he has the tone of a man too long committed to other opportunities than those of fiction. The fifth and sixth pieces seem to reveal one who has rather more joy in the exploits of the essayist than in the successful *mise-en-scène* which makes fiction.

Ladies between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight would do well to move very prudently, these days, for they are being watched. Yet some of the heroines of printers' ink are enjoying life more than sensible people can imagine. The rules of the game are few: an utter willingness, even a fanaticism, for taking a bath is the first. If there is not a bathtub around the corner at the end of an affecting scene, the whole business will go wrong. Then, it is evident that a Latin quotation in a crisis calms the nerves as nothing else can. Another requirement is the presence of a pittance, left by a dying dotard, of at least five, if not ten, thousand a year. And last, one must have, like all other paper dolls, an assortment of silk nightwear, for early morning walks in meadows and other appropriate occasions. Thus provided, the heroine proceeds to trip things up generally. The reader will see at once that any one of the novels of Robert W. Chambers—and among them his newest one, "The Restless Sex" (Appleton; \$1.50)—complies with all requirements. It is a perfect Soda Clerk's Paradise in its delightful details of elegance and aesthetics. The lady, gray-eyed and charming, makes a marriage of pity (although living in Greenwich Village she really need not have bothered) but lives icily chaste until the

happy suicide of her gifted, but dowerless and starving, husband catapults her into the arms of the hero, the dark horse from the first, as everyone knew. At this point all those who are not already engaged follow the example of the happy pair; those whose marriages are unhappy go back into the repentant and forgiving embraces of their mates (unless they have first tidily "ended everything"); and after a good bath everyone is ready for dinner. Anne Warwick's story "The Best People" (Lane; \$1.50) offers just as much pure joy to the Dressmaker's Apprentice. When a fascinating widow of twenty-seven takes the boat for Japan and determines to write her entire set of experiences in letters and diary, it is really only fair that most of the men should wind up by kissing her passionately, or otherwise showing their allegiance, in order that the quaintly beautiful settings should have some reason for appearing. Luckily the lady learns one of the oldest lessons—that people are just the same whether you meet them in Brinsville, or Japan, or Timbuctoo. Sans hope, sans purse, sans wardrobe, she races back to find the long-neglected man at home.

"The Bag of Saffron," by Bettina von Hutten (Appleton; \$1.50), by reason of its fine workmanship and careful detail presents a more plausible as well as a more interesting case. The story is that of a young girl, brought by a somewhat renegade and certainly dying father to be cared for by her maiden aunts. Her gift is charm, not beauty; and her passion is that of acquisition. Her worldly sense rarely deserts her, and when it does, it is brought back again in haste. So strongly has she resolved upon a rich husband that when she has at last discovered herself to have been moved by an irresistible inclination—one cannot call it love—and married to a man who has next to nothing, she takes advantage of circumstances and runs off with the magnificent heart-eater who can give her what she must have. There seems however to be a weak point. After the scandal has been quenched, and everyone in London is at the lady's door, does it seem quite fair to suppose that upon hearing of the mortal illness of the unhappy youth who failed to satisfy her cravings, she should plunge into the night to reach his side—and suddenly discover that she knows at last what love is? Her former selfishness can hardly have been changed permanently, one would say. The result of her impulse is to settle everybody happily down in a warm climate, where the generous husband pays the bills, presumably, and watches the two young creatures beginning over again. Granted he is given a former ladylove—one of the aunts—it is a little too much to imagine his acquiescence. The workmanship, as has been said, is delightful—no clogging lists of tiresome details, yet a distinct

picture of the Yorkshire country. The characters of the aunts are exceedingly well done, without overdrawing, and the connections of the valley folk, their manners and speech, satisfy the reader. It is of course true that American soil is too new to have acquired a deep-rooted affiliation to its dwellers, but that is not the whole reason why so many English novels charm us by their richness of detail and color of atmosphere. Convincing or not as the book may seem, there is so much beside the lady errant in it that it compels attention.

It is rather unfortunate that the publishers of "Days of Discovery," by Bertram Smith (Dutton; \$1.50), should have made comparison to that delightful classic, "The Golden Age." Mr. Smith's group of greedy vengeful little tyrants, unconnected—save by an occasional gold-crossed palm—with their remote elders, do indeed suggest mischievously distorted shadows of our friends in "The Golden Age." Not that the book is unreal. There is adventure, and surprise; the smell of bonfires, and the elvish experiments of curious childhood; there is whimsical outlook clothed in fantastic description. But through all the detail—"deliberately literary," in spite of the publishers—one cannot hold these dogged discoverers to one's bosom. In fact one cannot give them a civil glance until the first four chapters have been forgotten.

A swashbuckling romance in the setting of the time of the French Revolution, with enough scheming and plotting and hairbreadth 'scapes to meet the most exacting requirements, is "Lord Tony's Wife" by the Baroness Orczy (Doran; \$1.35). It is another successful adventure of The Scarlet Pimpernel, where that invincible hero defrauds the guillotine of its prey, and revenge of its accomplishment. The story presents a very clear picture of the bloody days of '93, but there is an unfortunate adeptness on the part of the French peasants and bourgeoisie to fall readily into the Elizabethan idiom in moments of stress.

"The Pawns Count," by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little, Brown; \$1.50), is a story of international intrigue with the complications ingeniously managed in the author's best manner. The plot seems a bit pallid however at a time when the daily press furnishes war news as dramatic as any romance. A beautiful American girl in the rôle of a secret service agent successfully matches her wits against pro-German plotters. Japan and England as well as Germany and America are involved in a search for the formula of a new explosive which is juggled about mysteriously among the intriguants. There are thrilling incidents, a casual love interest, and a dénouement which piques interest.

CASUAL COMMENT

THE DIAL NATURALLY TAKES GREAT INTEREST in the dispatch from London of May 21, printed in our newspapers, stating that Mr. Robert Dell, long correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" and since recently a contributing editor of THE DIAL, had been asked to leave France. For a considerable period letters from Mr. Dell on literary and political subjects have been appearing regularly every month in our columns, and the obvious displeasure of the French Government towards a responsible and well known foreign correspondent comes as something of a shock. It hardly accords with our conceptions of the generous attitude of France towards complete freedom of expression (an attitude in which Mme. Fischbacher—in her letter printed on another page—takes a just pride). Yet in view of Mr. Dell's expulsion, we are showing our respect for the desires of the French Government, as we understand them, by withholding from this current issue the political portion of Mr. Dell's Paris letter, written and mailed to us only a few days before the order for his expulsion was signed—"a purely political expulsion," the dispatches state. We wish to make it clear that our decision does not reflect on Mr. Dell, who is in our judgment a true friend of France, desirous only of assisting her cause. Good relations between associated peoples are, we believe, best promoted by allowing every possible latitude to responsible foreign correspondents, and in general the more fearlessly they tell the truth, the better. Of course statesmen may be sometimes annoyed at this frankness, but it is hardly necessary to balance the respective advantages of giving pleasure to statesmen as against the good which comes from a genuine understanding and rapprochement between peoples. In the final analysis, that understanding and rapprochement can come only from both countries' knowing the truth about each other, and it is that task of fearless mediation which Mr. Dell has in our opinion honestly and sincerely attempted to perform.

IN NOT PUBLISHING THE POLITICAL PORTION of Mr. Dell's letter, we do not feel that we are dealing unfairly with our readers. Mr. Dell's attitude has been made clear in the "Manchester Guardian," from which great organ of liberal opinion in Britain, the "Evening Post" of New York has reprinted the offending disclosures *in extenso*. The facts are thus known in England and America. Since Mr. Dell based his articles mainly on what has already appeared in the French press, it follows that he has said little, if anything, which is not equally well known in Paris.

THE WHOLE QUESTION OF POLICY REVOLVING about the now famous Prince Sixtus note will evoke as bitter controversies among future historians as among present-day publicists. For our part, we cannot but feel that Mr. Dell did a real service to the world in presenting all the facts to the open light of public opinion. Many will say that an honorable basis of peace was presented and recklessly thrown away (as, for instance, the London "Nation" already says very plainly); others will assert that the offer was a mere insincere trap. But we do know that President Wilson himself tried to detach Austria-Hungary from Germany: his failure for the moment so to do is of course attributed by different people to different causes. Some claim that the thing was on the face of it impossible; others, that the President did not receive adequate information or support from the three leading European Allies. M. Clemenceau was clearly among the skeptics. He turned down Austria-Hungary, bluntly and with characteristic decision. He may have been right—he may have been wrong. It is obvious that not all French statesmen agreed with his procedure. It is equally obvious that his manner was not President Wilson's. All that we can presume to say at this distance is that the Prime Minister of France is a better judge than we can be of what was the best handling of French psychology.

THE ISSUE REALLY NEED NOT BE PURSUED further because it has immeasurably broadened. President Wilson has announced that he stands by Russia as well as by France—which means that Asia is involved with Europe and that America is involved in Asia. The fate of Alsace-Lorraine is properly an international and hence world question, yet after all what convinced President Wilson of Teutonic insincerity was less Germany's dubious proposals about the lost provinces than her open and flagrantly predatory and cynical treatment of the Ukraine, Rumania, and the Soviets. Against this background of avowed and cruel imperialism, the alleged desire by France to secure the left bank of the Rhine seems trivial. Yet with all due respect to M. Clemenceau we are bound to say that we agree with President Wilson and Mr. Balfour. It seems to us that the formal or informal presentation of this demand was unfortunate, coming at the time it did. The Rhine boundary doubtless presents military advantages which appeal strongly to French strategists. Nevertheless there are French statesmen who hold, as Mr. Dell holds, that such an annexation of German soil would leave two neighboring nations still at daggers drawn. Indeed, it is far from certain that on this par-

ticular matter France is unanimously behind M. Clemenceau. It is even less certain that the true interests of France would be served by annexations of large German-speaking territories. Certainly the answers of Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons recently to the persistent questioning of Mr. Asquith gave the impression that such ambitions no longer constituted any part in the present war aims of France.

THE FUTURE OF FRANCE IS STILL IN PERIL. She cannot live beside a power so treacherous and cruel as Germany without the security of some form of international organization. And the elements of that international organization are already rallying to her aid. Outside the Central Empires and disorganized, helpless Russia, the whole world is rushing to her help. May we, therefore, make one suggestion for the consideration of our French comrades? Hitherto, nationalism in France has burned with a white heat. But is that the whole story today? Can we ever forget Edith Cavell's last words: "Patriotism is not enough"? The real guarantee for all Republics in the future will be international—a League of Nations. It will assuredly not be any secret treaty, a confidential scrap of paper, the writing on which fades, like certain inks, with daylight. Slowly but surely British diplomacy is facing West and escaping from narrow entanglements. French diplomacy, so quick to appreciate a large and abstract principle, has nothing to lose and everything to gain by admitting the influence of Washington. With the particular relations between President Poincaré, M. Clemenceau, and the French Parliament and people we of course have nothing to do, although it is clear that there has never been a greater need than there is today for solidarity. But the entrance of the United States into the struggle as an unexhausted factor suggests that the original Allies, who have fought so gallantly, can safely take a broad view of their destinies. Hard bargains in advance of victory do no good. They may do harm and create misunderstanding. It is the armies of herself and her friends which secure a certainty of justice for France, not a private pact with a Russia that has collapsed. While, therefore, we much regret the loss of Mr. Dell's services as our Paris correspondent (he will continue to be one of our regular contributors), we cannot but think that the incident will do good in so far as it removes ignorance of what is really happening amid the mysteries of European statecraft. It helps clear the ground for a straight fight between the democratic and the autocratic principles.

Books for Summer Reading

THE DIAL offers herewith a list of outstanding books published during the spring of 1918, assuming that it will be understood that such lists are suggestive rather than final.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy Restored.** By H. M. Kallen. Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.50.
India and the Future. By William Archer. Alfred A. Knopf; \$3.
Per Amica Silentia Lunae. By William Butler Yeats. The Macmillan Co.; \$1.50.
Appreciations and Depreciations. By Ernest A. Boyd. The Talbot Press; Dublin.
Some Modern Novelists. By Helen Thomas Follett and Wilson Follett. Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.
On Contemporary Literature. By Stuart P. Sherman. Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.
Platonism. By Paul Elmer More. Princeton University Press; \$1.75.
The Oxford Stamp, and Other Essays. By Frank Aydelotte. Oxford University Press; \$1.20.
A Roswell of Bagdad. By E. V. Lucas. George H. Doran Co.; \$1.35.
Diaries of Leo Tolstoy—Youth. 4 vols. Vol. 1. 1847-1852. E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.
Letters of John Holmes to James Russell Lowell and Others. Edited by William Roscoe Thayer. Houghton Mifflin Co.; \$2.50.

HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- The Expansion of Europe.** By Wilbur Cortez Abbott. 2 vols. Henry Holt & Co.; \$6.50.
National Progress, 1907-1917. By Frederic A. Ogg. Harper & Bros.; \$2.
The History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century. By Heinrich von Treitschke. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Vol. 4. Robert M. McBride; \$3.25.
Mysticism and Logic, and Other Essays. By Bertrand Russell. Longmans, Green & Co.; \$2.50.
The Psychology of Conviction. By Joseph Jastrow. Houghton Mifflin Co.; \$2.50.
Totem and Taboo. By Sigmund Freud. Translated by A. A. Brill. Moffat, Yard & Co.
Reflections on War and Death. By Sigmund Freud. Translated by A. A. Brill and Alfred B. Kuttner. Moffat, Yard & Co.; 75 cts.
Logic as the Science of the Pure Concept. By Benedetto Croce. Translated by Douglas Ainslie. The Macmillan Co.; \$3.50.
The Philosophy of Benedetto Croce. By H. Wildon Carr. The Macmillan Co.; \$2.25.
On Reading Nietzsche. By Emile Faguet. Translated by George Raffalovich. Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25.
Philosophy and the Social Order. By Will Durant. Macmillan; \$1.50.
Man's Supreme Inheritance. Conscious Guidance and Control in Relation to Human Evolution in Civilization. By P. Matthias Alexander. With an introductory word by John Dewey. E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.
An Ethical Philosophy of Life. By Felix Adler. D. Appleton & Co.; \$3.

POETRY.

- Posthumous Poems.** By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Edited by Edmund Gosse and Thomas James Wise. John Lane Co.; \$1.50.
Moments of Vision. By Thomas Hardy. The Macmillan Co.; \$2.
Poems. By Edward Thomas. Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.
Reincarnations. By James Stephens. The Macmillan Co.; \$1.
Nocturne of Remembered Spring, and Other Poems. By Conrad Aiken. The Four Seas Co.; \$1.25.
Pavannes and Divisions. By Ezra Pound. Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.
Toward the Gulf. By Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Co.; \$1.50.
Sonnets, and Other Lyrics. By Robert Silliman Hillyer. Harvard University Press; 75 cts.
Mid-American Chants. By Sherwood Anderson. John Lane Co.; \$1.25.
Georgian Poetry: 1916-1917. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

DRAMA AND THE STAGE.

- Artists' Families.** By Eugene Brieux. Translated by B. H. Clark. Doubleday, Page & Co.; 75 cts.
The Miracle of St. Anthony. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.75.
The Harlequinade. By Dion Clayton Calthrop and Granville Barker. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.
Representative Plays by American Dramatists. 1765-1819. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.
Harvard Plays. Edited with introductions by Professor George P. Baker. 2 vols. Brentano; \$1 per vol.
Essays on Modern Dramatists. By William Lyon Phelps. The Macmillan Co.; \$1.50.
How's Your Second Act? By Arthur Hopkins. Philip Goodman.

BOOKS ON WAR AND PEACE

- Men in War.** By Andreas Latsko. Translated by Adele Seltzer. Boni & Liveright; \$1.50.
Our Revolution. By Leon Trotzky. Collected and translated by Moissaye J. Olgin. Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25.
"The Dark People": Russia's Crisis. By Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Co.; \$1.50.
Deductions from the Great War. By Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Face to Face with Kaiserism. By James W. Gerard. George H. Doran Co.; \$2.
Topography and Strategy in the War. By Douglas W. Johnson. Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.75.
Militarism and Statecraft. By Munroe Smith. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.
The End of the War. By Walter E. Weyl. The Macmillan Co.; \$1.50.
The Structure of Lasting Peace. By H. M. Kallen. Marshall Jones Co.
The Aims of Labor. By Arthur Henderson. B. W. Huebsch; paper, 50 cts.
Freedom. By Gilbert Cannan. Frederick A. Stokes Co.; \$1.
Liberty and Democracy. By Hartley Burr Alexander. Marshall Jones Co.
America Among the Nations. By H. H. Powers. Macmillan Co.; \$1.50.
Credit of the Nations. By L. Laurence Laughlin. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.50.

FICTION.

- On the Stairs.** By Henry B. Fuller. Houghton Mifflin Co.; \$1.50.
The Return of the Soldier. By Rebecca West. The Century Co.; \$1.
The Threshold of Quiet. By Daniel Corkery. Frederick A. Stokes Co.; \$1.50.
Nocturne. By Frank Swinnerton. With an introduction by H. G. Wells. George H. Doran Co.; \$1.40.
Old People and the Things That Pass. By Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50.
South Wind. By Norman Douglas. Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.60.
The Stucco House. By Gilbert Cannan. George H. Doran Co.; \$1.50.
Pilgrimage: III. Honeycomb. By Dorothy Richardson. Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50.
The Tree of Heaven. By May Sinclair. Macmillan Co.; \$1.60.
His Second Wife. By Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Co.; \$1.50.
Aliens. By William McFee. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50.
Gudrid the Fair. By Maurice Hewlett. Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.40.
The Unwilling Vestal. By Edward Lucas White. E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.
The Wife, and Other Stories. By Anton Chekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett. The Macmillan Co.; \$1.50.

COMMUNICATION

"LE DROIT DE RÉPONSE"

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have several times been unhappily surprised at reading Mr. Robert Dell's letters from Paris in THE DIAL and have been tempted to write, either to the author or the editor of these letters. I refrained from doing this with the thought that an intelligent and sincere American (as no doubt the correspondent of this magazine must be) could not live very long in France without learning to understand something of the character of our country and that he would soon escape from the little circle of "defeatists" which had quite evidently shut him in at first. And I would have thought myself presumptuous to interpose, even by a letter, between this stranger who came to judge my country and the people and conditions he met here.

However, his last letter, published in THE DIAL of March 14, which has just reached me, awakens in me such deep surprise and indignation that it seems impossible to keep silent any longer; I cannot refrain from trying, in such measure as I can, to put you and your readers on guard against so wrong and unjust a picture of my country. Pardon me for this interference. You cannot imagine what a blow it is, at the very hour when we hear the shells falling on Paris, at the very hour when we are in agony for our men at the Front, from whom in these last days we have had no word, to open an American magazine and find there depicting Paris this phrase: "Four months ago I said that the war was nearly forgotten here. That is still more true now."

I have not the faintest intention of discussing the details of this letter from Mr. Dell. The "affaire Caillaux" forms the basis of it and whatever your correspondent may say, the "affaire Caillaux" has little interest either for French women or for the French men who are at war. They regret it, because of the shadow which some persons are trying, without much success, to cast over the country by its means, and they wait for the verdict which will be given. Those who are interested in it—passionately, I admit—are some politicians of the rear who hope to reap a profit from it and those men who, having lacked the courage to remain in active service, are truly very desirous to hear something else talked of besides that which is happening in the army, in which they have no share whatever. These men make up a very small group—rather despised by us—but a stranger who comes to France in war time can very easily be made their dupe.

Our best men left Paris four years ago. They went away in the first days of August, 1914 and many, many of them sleep in the fields of the Marne and the Yser, of Champagne and Verdun. And those who survive are also far away—in a land where Mr. Dell will never meet them, for if he should ever risk himself there, it would be only as an amused stroller, on a carefully chosen day, in a "quiet sector."

So Mr. Dell does not know the real French-

man. And neither has he been able, since he is a stranger, to enter into the families where he would have found the wives, the sisters, the children, the fathers and mothers who no longer have sons, and where he would hear them speak not of Caillaux and Clemenceau, but sometimes of the spirit and *always* of the memory of those who are gone. Evidently Mr. Dell has not known how to see this; so what is there left for him? Only some little political circles where he finds, naturally, those who have nowhere else to go—the "defeatists" and the "embusqués."

It is a shame! And be sure, Monsieur, that you understand the meaning of my protest. I do not for a moment accuse Mr. Dell of treachery (although there is sometimes a very disturbing resemblance between his remarks and the arguments of the German and neutral pro-German journals). I believe that up to a certain point he can give proofs and quote articles (more or less correctly understood) in support of each of his affirmations, but what he has written is much worse than a direct slander. It is, if you like, a hideous caricature instead of a portrait. The features which he has chosen belong to his subject—and it is an honor to France that even in her most vital hours all types of opinion can be expressed here—but he seems to have chosen the most unworthy and discordant features to the exclusion of all others. We ourselves scarcely know them; they are such a petty factor in the composition of our country. What he has given you is not the semblance, but the frightful distortion, of a beautiful face whose true nobility he has not wished to see.

If it were simply a question of Mr. Dell himself, I would not be so insistent. Rather I would almost wish (if he is sincere) to try to meet him and teach him to know a little about the true France of which he is so ignorant—not the France of cafes and halls which he seems to frequent exclusively, but the France of the soldiers and their families. But it is not simply a question of Mr. Dell, whose opinions, after all, are of only secondary importance. It is a question of your readers, who form a part, and I believe an enlightened part, of the opinion of that great country, America, which is in this tense hour the supreme hope of the world. That is why I write to you. We have in France a privilege called the "right to respond," by virtue of which any one who considers himself slandered in a publication can compel the editor of the article to accept his protest and to print it in the very place in which the slander appeared. Here it is, naturally, a question neither of right nor compulsion; but I consider, Monsieur l'Editeur, that it would be an act of high justice on your part to receive and make known to your readers, in whatever form you think best, this protest which comes from France. The person addressing you is neither a journalist nor a professional writer. She is just a woman—whose only brother fell near Rheims; whose husband has been away since August, 1914; and who is bringing up her children alone, in memory of those who are fallen and with profound faith in the future

of her land. It is because she does not speak to you in her own name, but in the name of the thousands and thousands of French women who are living the same lives and thinking the same thoughts, that she does not despair of being heard.

MARQUERITE FISCHBACHER.

Paris, France.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mme. Fischbacher should have observed that the date line of the particular letter of Mr. Dell's which aroused her eloquent protest showed that Mr. Dell was writing before the beginning of the German offensive of March 21. His next letter was cut for reasons of space, but its first sentence was to the effect that his own words—now that Paris talked of nothing but the military situation—had come as a blow in the face. Mr. Dell is not a recent arrival in Paris; neither is he an American. For many years he has been the correspondent of the Manchester "Guardian" in the French capital, and as such has had exceptional opportunities to learn conditions at first hand. He has personal friends among practically all of the recent Ministries. Mme. Fischbacher may also be surprised to learn that no one has written with such bitterness towards the "embusqué" as Mr. Dell himself, who, whatever may be his faults of observation, does know the French soldier and is well acquainted with his feelings. THE DIAL's confidence in Mr. Dell is expressed at some length in the "Casual Comment" pages.]

NOTES AND NEWS

The index to the current volume is now ready and will be sent post paid to those readers who wish to receive it, provided they will send in their request within thirty days. This index is included in the library copies of THE DIAL, but it is the publisher's impression that few others will be interested in receiving an index and he feels justified in saving white paper under existing conditions.

P. W. Wilson, author of "Pilgrim Sons of 1920" in this issue of THE DIAL, is the American correspondent of the London "Daily News," of which he was formerly the Parliamentary correspondent. He was a member of Parliament from 1906 to 1910. Mr. Wilson's book "The Christ We Forget" is published by the Fleming H. Revell Co.

Scofield Thayer, who reviews Frank Harris's "Oscar Wilde" for this number, now joins the editorial staff of THE DIAL. After receiving the degrees A.B. and A.M. from Harvard, where he was Secretary of "The Harvard Monthly," Mr. Thayer studied for two years at Magdalen College, Oxford. He has since been writing in New York City.

Annette Wynne is a graduate of New York University (M.A. 1916). She is about to bring out a book of child verse.

The other contributors to this number have previously written for THE DIAL.

"The Muse in Arms," an anthology of war poems edited by E. B. Osborn, the English edition of which

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was reviewed in Mr. Shanks's letter from London in *THE DIAL* for January 31, is now announced in this country by the Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Small, Maynard & Co., who published the 1917 "Anthology of Magazine Verse," have taken over Mr. Braithwaite's previous anthologies, 1914-1916. The 1918 volume is now announced.

Paintings and works of art which have been donated for the benefit of the Permanent Blind Relief War Fund will be on sale at the Anderson Galleries, New York, June 5-7.

D. L. Stevens, of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., has prepared "A Bibliography of Municipal Utility Regulation and Municipal Ownership," which is published by the Harvard University Press at \$4.

For June publication Houghton Mifflin announce "Life in a Tank," by Captain Richard Haigh, and "High Adventure," a new book by Captain James Norman Hall, the American aviator who was recently reported dead, but is now reported wounded and a prisoner.

Late May issues from Moffat, Yard & Co. included: "The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy Restored," by H. M. Kallen; "On Reading Nietzsche," by Emile Faguet, translated by George Rafalovich; "Totem and Taboo," translated from Freud by A. A. Brill; and "Personality and Conduct," by Maurice Parmelee.

The early June Lane list includes: "Messipes, and Other Poems," by Emile Cammaerts; "Rasputin and the Russian Revolution," by Princess Radziwill (Count Vassili); "Love Intrigues of the Kaiser's Sons," by William Le Queux; "Flower Name Fancies," a series of drawings illustrating flower nicknames, by Guy Pierre Fauconnet; and a special issue of "The International Studio" devoted to "The Development of British Landscape Painting in Water-Colors."

Two more magazines have recently issued their first numbers. "The Hispanic American Historical Review," a quarterly, is published from 1422 Irving Street, N.E., Washington, D. C. The editors are: Charles E. Chapman, Isaac J. Cox, Julius J. Klein, William R. Manning, William Spence Robertson, and James A. Robertson (Managing). "The Arbitrator," which is published monthly by the Free Religious Association of America, devotes each number to a pro-and-con debate of some question of "political, social, and moral interest," the first issue discussing the prohibition of the liquor traffic. An appended questionnaire is designed to elicit the opinions of readers for summary in a subsequent number. The address of "The Arbitrator" is Box 42, Wall Street Station, New York City.

Among the early June publications of the George H. Doran Co. are: "The Real Colonel House," by Arthur D. Howden Smith; "The New Revelation," by A. Conan Doyle; "Across the Flood," by Lord Reading; "Germany as It Is To-day," by Cyril Brown; "When the Somme Ran Red," by Captain A. Radclyffe Dugmore; "The Merchant Seaman in War," by L. Cope Cornford; "A Canadian Twilight," by Bernard Freeman Trotter; "The Warp and the Woof," by Rev. George Steven; and Harold Begbie's "Albert, Fourth Earl Grey."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS

[The following list, containing 61 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

THE WAR.

- Tales from a Famished Land.** By Edward Eyre Hunt. 12mo, 193 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25.
- Under the German Shells.** By Emmanuel Bourcier. Translated by George Nelson Holt and Mary R. Holt. Illustrated, 12mo, 217 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- A Surgeon in Arms.** By Robert J. Manion. With frontispiece, 12mo, 310 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
- The New Book of Martyrs.** By Georges Duhamel. Translated by Florence Simmons. 12mo, 221 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.35.
- The Heart of a Soldier.** By Lauchlan MacLean Watt. 12mo, 258 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.35.
- A General's Letters to His Son: On Obtaining His Commission.** 16mo, 111 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.
- Winged Warfare.** By Major W. A. Bishop. Illustrated, 12mo, 272 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.50.
- The Merchant Seaman in War.** By L. Cope Cornford. With a Foreword by Admiral Sir John Jellicoe. 12mo, 320 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.50.
- The Fighting Engineers.** By Francis A. Collins. Illustrated, 12mo, 200 pages. The Century Co. \$1.30.
- Trucking to the Trenches.** By John Iden Kautz. 12mo, 173 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.
- A Prophecy of the War.** By Lewis Einstein. With a foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. 12mo, 94 pages. Columbia University Press.
- The War-Whirl in Washington.** By Frank Ward O'Malley. Illustrated, 12mo, 298 pages. The Century Co. \$1.50.
- Keeping Our Fighters Fit.** By Edward Frank Allen. 12mo, 207 pages. The Century Co. \$1.25.
- "Across the Flood."** Addresses at the dinner in honor of the Earl of Reading at the Lotus Club, New York, March 27, 1918. 12mo, 90 pages. George H. Doran Co.
- Wake Up America!** By Mark Sullivan. 16mo, 101 pages. The Macmillan Co. 60 cts.

FICTION.

- YOU No Longer Count.** By René Boylesve. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. 12mo, 270 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- The Pretty Lady.** By Arnold Bennett. 12mo, 352 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.50.
- The Promise of Air.** By Algernon Blackwood. 12mo, 279 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- The Graftons.** By Archibald Marshall. 12mo, 337 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
- Foe-Farrell.** By "Q" (Quiller-Couch). With frontispiece, 12mo, 358 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- Caste Three.** By Gertrude M. Shields. With frontispiece, 12mo, 450 pages. The Century Co. \$1.40.
- Over the Hills and Far Away.** By Guy Fleming. 12mo, 325 pages. Longmans, Green & Co.
- The Way Out.** By Emerson Hough. Illustrated, 12mo, 313 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
- The Man from Bar-20.** By Clarence E. Mulford. Illustrated, 12mo, 319 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.40.
- Shot With Crimson.** By George Barr McCutcheon. Illustrated, 12mo, 161 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.
- The Rose-Bush of a Thousand Years.** By Mabel Wagnalls. Illustrated, 12mo, 77 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 75 cts.
- Her Country.** By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. 12mo, 81 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cts.
- Ransom!** By Arthur Somers Roche. 12mo, 312 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.35.
- Czech Folk Tales.** Collected and translated by Dr. Josef Baudis. Illustrated, 12mo, 196 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$1.75.
- Great Ghost Stories.** Selected by Joseph Lewis French. 12mo, 365 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

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